

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 713, Vol. 27.

June 26, 1869.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE DECISION OF THE PEERS.

THE vote by which an imposing majority of the House of Lords passed the second reading of the Irish Church Bill was welcome to the country and creditable to the Peers, and must have been truly gratifying to many of the minority. Where should we have been by this time if the Lords had been really seduced by the rhetoric which gave them so much pleasure? To put it in the very mildest form, the Lords would have lost as much as they have now gained in popular estimation. As it is, they have undoubtedly raised themselves in general opinion, partly because they were represented by so many good speakers, and still more because, after they had given themselves the treat of a fine debate, and had talked in a grand and patriotic and determined way, they ended in a display of ordinary common sense. That the Bill is now past all serious danger, and that there has been no collision between the Houses, is certainly the first subject of congratulation, but there are subsidiary results of the vote which are also of considerable importance. The utility of the House of Lords under certain circumstances and up to a certain point has been brought home to the popular mind. The Peers are still as far as ever from having any definite and adequate province in the management and conduct of ordinary legislation. They could not offer many grand set speeches like those which marked the recent debate, without becoming wearisome and monotonous. But they have shown that they can produce a striking effect if their powers are brought out rarely and on very important issues. They have, it is true, advantages over the Commons which very much aid their oratory. A speech from a peer is a success which would be a failure in the House of Commons, because a peer is able to discourse as he pleases without having to attend to practical results, whereas a leading speaker in the House of Commons is necessarily obliged to take a side, and to regard a great measure like the Irish Church Bill as something which he has to defend or oppose. It adds very much to the air of wisdom with which the Lords speak that they can safely oppose or defend a Bill with all kinds of modifications of opinion about it, and with numberless suggestions and counter-proposals, which, from their insight into things, they claim to be enabled to offer. Still the speeches in the Lords last week were undoubtedly very good, and they were as good on the last night of the debate as they had been before; and it cannot be doubted that the energy and distinctness with which Lord RUSSELL and Lord WESTBURY, in addition to many other peers of all parties, adopted the policy of concurrent endorsement has given the country matter of thought that is clearly new, and has made it question seriously whether the policy is feasible or not. Then, again, it may be regarded as a decided political gain that the Conservative party has for the moment escaped from the leadership of its more headstrong advisers, and that it has contributed a very respectable following to the more moderate and liberal section of its leaders. Lord DERBY has done his very worst to defeat the Ministry, and has himself been defeated. The tradition of his empire over his party has been shaken, and the fact that Lord CAIRNS joined with him in taking the side which proved unsuccessful must affect the relations of the party to its leaders for the future.

A debate on such a subject as the Irish Church has a peculiar interest for the clergy, and the bishops, as the special representatives of the clergy, naturally and properly took a prominent part in it. On the whole, they did so with much success, but still the part which they played was not without its strange side. It is difficult to conceive anything weaker than the conduct of the two Archbishops in ostentatiously declining to vote. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY more especially presented a wondrous spectacle to the lay mind. He did his best to get the Bill passed. His influence, given so decidedly, and at the outset of the debate, did perhaps more

than anything else to determine waverers, and to quiet the scruples of timid consciences. He expressly said that if the Bill was read a second time it might, he thought, be moulded into a very good Bill; which was very strong praise indeed from the most eminent representative of a Church which last autumn we were told was going to thunder against such a Bill from seventeen thousand pulpits. But he could not make up his mind to vote for it himself. He thought it was not quite right that an Archbishop should do what he urged and encouraged laymen to do. He was hampered by the thought that he would be said to be deserting his order, and sacrificing a sister Church. He, in fact, hedged to please, or at least not to offend openly, the clergy. It is perhaps true that there might have been some little outcry against him which his refusal to vote may have stifled; but in the long run the clergy would have respected him more if he had had a little more courage, and the laity would have at once regarded him with the respect due to a man who shows nerve and statesmanship in a difficult crisis. The Bishop of LICHFIELD deserves to be mentioned as a specimen of a Bishop who showed qualities exactly the opposite of those displayed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. His remarks were very queer, very unpractical, and quite out of the usual range of episcopal remarks, but they breathed a spirit of frankness and courage in every word. Other bishops departed more or less from the sphere of secular politics, but he was out of it altogether. What could even the most reverential peer, the most ardent disciple of bishops, make of a speaker who said that he thought that the Irish Church Bill was a bad Bill because he, although a clergyman of the Church of England, had once been invited to share the tent of a Romanist chaplain; who said that, bad as the Bill was, he yet hoped it might produce two good effects—the accordance of a comfortable site in Rome for Anglican worship, and the downfall of the temporal power of the Papacy; and who finally invited the coming Ecumenical Council to observe that the spirit of justice which dictated this bad Bill was due to the free preaching of the Gospel in a Protestant country? Still more astonishing to his hearers must have been the passage in which the Bishop avowed himself an ardent advocate of Mr. BRIGHT's land scheme, apparently conceiving that such people as the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE and ABERCORN were like Maoris, good wild creatures, who, if properly managed, would retire into uninhabited districts and leave nice blocks of soil to every deserving settler. "We too are in Arcadia" must have been the thought that passed through the minds of many of his listeners. It was quaint, simple, New Zealandish beyond belief, and yet it left the impression that it was a very good thing that in such an assembly as the Lords there should be a man who could think and say such things. The Bishop said that he should not mind saying all he had to say about the Irish Church Bill before a crowd of working men at Wolverhampton. Probably this would be a very small trial of his courage; he will need much more boldness if next year he goes on as he has begun this Session, and seriously adopts the cause of Irish tenants in an assembly of landed proprietors.

Lord WESTBURY tickled the fancy of his hearers by the free use of a queer sort of Biblical language. That he would say something very odd and amusing was confidently anticipated, but the most sanguine could never have hoped that he would compare himself to JOHN the BAPTIST. What he described himself as crying out in the wilderness was that the Roman Catholics ought to have a large slice of the funds of the Anglican Church. Lord WESTBURY need not inconvenience himself by going into a desert and living on locusts to tell us this. It is what many eminent persons have been constantly saying for some years. Lord RUSSELL had actually opened the debate that very evening by making the very same proposal; which is perhaps none the worse because he has made it before, and abandoned it perhaps as being too sensible. How very much more at his ease Lord WESTBURY would have

been if Fate had permitted him to take the other side, was obvious from the large portion of his speech that was irrelevant. He gave a number of reasons why the Irish Church ought not to be attacked, and acknowledged that it was not attacked on many of the grounds which he declared to be inadmissible, but concluded by saying that the Irish Church was subject to one reproach, which it was essential to remove, and that was, that, being the Church of a small minority, it had got all the funds of the Irish nation applicable to religious purposes. He offered this, with characteristic audacity, as a kind of discovery which he, Lord WESTBURY, had made, and which had not dawned on persons of feebleness intellectual powers. In a humbler, but much more effective, way, Lord RUSSELL stuck to his own pet project of giving glebe-houses to the ministers of all denominations. Whether so great, and perhaps theoretically desirable, a change in the Bill as this would involve is possible at this eleventh hour is open to much doubt. In the debate the considerations which support the notion of giving a portion of the Church funds to the Roman Catholics were in a hasty and summary way brought before the public. No more could be done in a debate on the second reading, but perhaps the project could not have been presented in a more favourable manner. There was an unquestionable advantage in having it put forward in that vague, general way which avoids the discussion of the difficult details it involves, and in its being recommended by men whose names carry weight with them, and yet do not awaken much sectarian enthusiasm or aversion. If we speak only of the debate, and not of anything yet to come, we may also observe, that while the amendments tending to concurrent endowment were radical enough, all the other amendments suggested were of a very trifling character. Peer after peer spoke as if he had got some splendid secret amendment in his pocket, but he never gave any clue to the mystery. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, for example, said that the real evil of the Bill was that it encouraged Ultramontanism, and he considered it indispensable to protect the Roman Catholic laity against their pernicious advisers. The only means or instruments, however, which he shadowed forth as tending to this desirable end were one or two amendments which would perhaps give the disestablished Irish Protestant Church about a quarter of a million of money more than the Government proposes to give it; and if this would really protect the Irish priests and people against the clique now triumphant at Rome, they must be much more easily protected than is commonly supposed. It would be a curious inquiry whether in the same way, by giving a sum down to a rival sect, we could protect ourselves against any of the clerical cliques under which we sometimes suffer. The general conclusion to which the debate in the Lords leads us is that, although there was much eloquence and much wisdom in many of the speeches made, there was also much that was, at bottom, nerveless and poor, and that showed an indifference to the obligation to reason out a proposition and to trace its consequences. Lord DERBY wished the Lords to reject the Bill, but had not the faintest suggestion to make as to what was to come next; the remarks of the bishops "moved in another sphere" than those of laymen, who had to consider the possibilities of things; rival schemes which a very strong Ministry might well shrink from adopting were lightly and almost jauntily proposed as trifles; amendments of the most trivial importance were darkly spoken of as sure to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Irish Church. The main thing is the vote; that has a value which neither time nor reflection will diminish. But of the debate there is not much that will be long remembered, except that it was generally creditable to the Lords, that the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH took his hearers by storm, that a few Conservative Peers saved their party from a great blunder, and that the Bishop of St. DAVID's played a very difficult part with singular firmness and courage.

THE VICEROY AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

WHILE there is but one opinion as to the propriety of giving the ruler of Egypt a suitable reception, some ceremonial difficulties arising from his ambiguous rank will require an exercise of tact and judgment on the part of his entertainers. The potentate who is commonly called the Viceroy enjoys a Turkish title which is said to indicate a rank somewhat short of royalty, and it is admitted that his independence has not yet amounted to actual sovereignty. The SULTAN not unnaturally desires to retain to himself a supremacy which is perhaps not wholly titular, and it may be presumed that his powerful vassal hopes gradually to relieve himself from his present relations. It is possible that a feudal connexion with

the Turkish Empire might in certain contingencies operate as a security to the VICEROY, who may claim the benefit of the guarantees given to the SULTAN by the Treaty of Paris; nor would an exchange of a nominal subordination for the officious protectorate of some Western Power be for the advantage of the Egyptian dynasty. An Oriental Prince, however, is not unlikely to prefer the nominal attainment of Imperial power to considerations of prudence; and it is supposed that, on the occasion of opening the Suez Canal, he hopes to form direct diplomatic connexions with the European Governments. His visit to the different Courts is preparatory to the reception which he hopes to offer to a brilliant assemblage of Royal personages in the autumn, and his hopes of success will be in some degree affected by the nature of the hospitalities with which he may be welcomed. If the heads of the great ornamental departments in England are qualified for their duties, they will contrive to evade all delicate questions of form. The VICEROY has luckily not assumed the style of Majesty, and it is not disputed that he must be addressed as Highness. The most troublesome questions will perhaps arise when he is saluted by forts or ships, as there is no point of honour more rigidly exacted by great dignitaries than a proper complement of guns. Military and naval commanders have generally some experience as masters of the ceremonies, and they must manage in their expenditure of powder to give as little offence as possible to Egypt or to Turkey. The French Government, in accordance with its recent policy, will perhaps have been more lavish of honours to the VICEROY; but both at Vienna and Berlin the distinctive privileges of sovereign rank have been sedulously withheld.

A special envoy or agent of the Porte, being the brother of the VICEROY, has preceded him on his journey, for the express purpose of protesting against any acknowledgment of his possible pretensions to independence, and the invitations which are to be issued for the Suez celebration appear to provoke peculiar jealousy. The SULTAN is, in his own opinion, the proper host of foreign sovereigns who may chance to visit his dominions; but perhaps he would not persist in his objection to the proposed festivities were it not for the more serious project of a convention for neutralizing the Canal. Whatever may be the advantages of such a measure to Turkey as well as to Egypt, a formal treaty concluded with the VICEROY would go far to be regarded as a recognition of his independence. A person who enters into a contract cannot afterwards dispute the competency of the other party to perform his engagements; and if a convention were made, the VICEROY would undertake a kind of responsibility which only belongs to sovereigns. A breach of contract on the part of the Egyptian Government could only be resented by blockade, by reprisals, or by some other warlike operation; and consequently a treaty would involve a hypothetical recognition of Egypt as a possible belligerent. If England or France were to agree for a right of free passage with the States which are traversed by the Atlantic and Pacific lines of railway, the American Government would deem itself entitled to treat the compact as an infringement of its exclusive rights, and a similar objection applies to negotiations with respect to the Suez Canal initiated without the consent of the Porte. If the arrangement is thought desirable by the Powers which have the chief interest in the transit, it will be advisable both to insist on the participation of the SULTAN in the transaction, and in his acquiescence in the policy proposed by the VICEROY. There are good reasons for avoiding or postponing organic changes in the constitution of the Turkish Empire, but the protection which has been again and again accorded to the SULTAN involves a corresponding duty of suitable deference and conformity. The VICEROY would have no plausible excuse for rejecting the nominal intervention of the SULTAN if his own object of preventing his country from becoming a campaign-ground for European armies is practically or even apparently attained.

It is not yet certain whether the neutrality of the Suez Canal will be established, nor is the meaning of the term absolutely clear. The provisions of existing treaties by which certain States or territories are declared neutral have never yet been interpreted by practice, nor is it certain that they have any real validity. It is probable that, in case of war, Switzerland would be respected, because the Swiss are able and willing to punish a lawless intruder. Belgium, on the other hand, considers it necessary to protect by fortresses, and a considerable standing army, the precarious neutrality which is secured by every possible parchment sanction. According to a definition which may perhaps be official, the neutrality of the Suez Canal is to consist in the exclusion of ships of war, and in the uninterrupted passage of merchant vessels; but it is difficult to believe that a powerful

belligerent would attend to either restriction. As long as merchant vessels are liable to capture at sea, it would matter little that they were, as at present, exempt from molestation in waters which would be within the dominions of Egypt or of Turkey. The Canal might serve as a port, but it would be blockaded at both ends by the fleets which respectively commanded the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; or, if no formal blockade were established, liability to capture would revive as soon as the Canal was left behind. It may be supposed that it is not intended to maintain the exclusion of ships of war in time of peace; for transports with troops and war material would come within the definition, and it would be absurd to compel the Indian reliefs to disembark on one side of the isthmus, in order to proceed as at present by railway to Suez or to Alexandria. Conventions made by Powers at the time friendly, in prospect of future war, are of no value unless a third party who may be expected to be neutral is strong enough to enforce performance of the contract. If the command of the Suez Canal became vitally important to two European belligerents, neither Turkey nor Egypt would be able to restrain their inevitable infractions of a restraining convention. In such cases it is always easy to find an excuse in the conduct of the enemy for the use of superior power directed to the attainment of some indispensable object. The champion in the ballad who had promised to be passive declared, as soon as he saw his brother overmatched in single combat, that "his word, it should not stand." It would be impossible to prevent, by mere argument, a commander who was in force at one end of the Canal from relieving a beleaguered port or a threatened squadron at the other extremity.

It is rumoured that the English and French Governments are not entirely agreed on the question of neutralization, and perhaps it may be convenient to postpone the conclusion of a permanent arrangement until it has been ascertained whether the Canal itself will answer the expectations of those who have constructed it. Its capacity and its security from material impediments are even more important than the political provisions which may relate to the navigation. If it proves to be sufficient to admit vessels of the largest burden, English commerce will in time of peace derive the chief advantage of French enterprise and skill. It must be supposed that the Peninsular and Oriental Company has ascertained that it will be exposed to no fresh disadvantage in the competition with the highly subsidized French line which has already so largely diminished its prosperity. It is evident that a double disembarkation and transshipment would be fatal to a trading Company, where a rival was not subject to similar disadvantages. Shipowners will undoubtedly after a time adapt themselves to the new conditions of transit; but as the English generally use larger vessels than the French, it would be highly inconvenient to find that the depth of the Canal imposed a practical restriction on the tonnage. The route by the Cape of Good Hope may perhaps still be used by sailing vessels, but for many years there has been a growing tendency to employ steam in all but the longest voyages. The Canal will accommodate a large part of the traffic between Europe and Asia, for the railway transit from the Atlantic sea-coast to San Francisco will be too expensive for any goods which are not exceptionally costly and portable. It is not surprising that the ruler of the adjacent territory should anticipate a great increase of wealth, although he may perhaps feel that his independence is exposed to an additional danger.

AMENDMENTS ON THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

SEVERAL notices of amendments have already been given by different Peers, and many more may be expected. But, of all amendments that have been or may be proposed, those that point to concurrent endowment are by far the most important. Until it has been decided whether there shall be some effort made to carry out a scheme for giving the Roman Catholics a portion of the surplus, there is no use in discussing the details of the Bill, for clause after clause would either need alteration or would be indefensible. If the Roman Catholics are to benefit by the surplus, many of the reasons for making that surplus so large by confining compensation solely to life-interests fade away. It is difficult even to see why the Irish Church should not exist on its present legal basis if the way to do justice to the Roman Catholics is not to make the Anglican Church a voluntary body like theirs, but to give them money. This is, we presume, what Lord GREY has in view in giving notice to alter the preamble. He wishes to raise a general preliminary discussion, and perceiving that, if his amendments were carried, a totally new

Bill must be framed, he naturally leaves to the Government the trouble of framing it. Whether the discussion ends in anything practical or not, it is quite worth while to have the whole subject of concurrent endowment thoroughly discussed; and we think we may anticipate that all seriously considered schemes of concurrent endowment out of the surplus will fall under two heads. Either a large portion of the surplus may be handed over to the Roman Catholics on terms which it may be presumed the heads of their Church would approve, or an effort may be made to give the Roman Catholic laity and the Irish priests, as opposed to the Ultramontane Bishops, a standing ground against those spiritual superiors who, as we think, are misleading them. The way to carry out the first object would be to hand over a lump sum of, let us say, two or three millions of money to a body of episcopal trustees, who should be permitted to spend the money, without supervision, inquiry, or responsibility, exactly as they might think best in promoting their religion. There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic bishops would accept the money on these terms, and would give England a sort of receipt or acknowledgment to the effect that she had behaved in a proper manner to the Church. The objections to this course are that it would be intensely distasteful to the English nation, and that none of the objects proposed by the statesmen who have advocated concurrent endowment would be attained by it, except the one—which is doubtless very important in itself—of getting an avowal from the priests that they had been well treated. The other plan, that of applying a large portion of the surplus to the purposes of the Roman Catholic Church, but so applying it as to erect a bulwark more or less strong against Ultramontanism, would be best carried out by adopting Lord RUSSELL's proposals. If a large sum were spent in building houses for the priests, and purchasing adjacent plots of land for them, and in building churches and chapels where necessary, and if the property so created were vested in a Board composed in a great degree of Roman Catholic laymen, there might probably be created a most valuable check on the despotism of Ultramontane bishops. They might perhaps retain the right of turning a priest out of his cure, but they would always have to justify themselves for so doing in the eyes of a body of intelligent, wealthy, and independent laymen. We do not hesitate to say that this would be a most satisfactory appropriation of the surplus, ten times better than giving it to lunatic asylums and nurses. It would answer a most desirable end, and it would be almost certain to work practically well. The Board would build the house, establish and stock the garden, and send the key to the priest; and when he came to see how nicely the roof was slated, and how promising the cabbages and potatoes looked, he might be trusted to walk in and put up his hat on the peg which the foresight of the Board would have put prominently before him. Nor could the gift be rejected on the plea that it subjected the priests to the control of a heretic State. It would merely provide the priests with what they much want under the supervision of a Roman Catholic Board.

If such a proposal could be submitted to the decision of the Protestant laymen of England who have really taken the trouble of thinking over the difficult question of the Irish Church, we venture to think that nineteen out of every twenty would enthusiastically accept it, and the judicious friends of the Irish Church would gladly catch at it, as it would enable them to secure very much better pecuniary terms for their friends than the present Bill offers them. Possibly, if Lord RUSSELL's amendments were carried by a large majority in the Lords, it might be practicable even now to shape the Bill in accordance with his proposals. But however much we may wish to see a desirable object attained, we must take into account the difficulties that lie in the way of attaining it; and the difficulties that lie in the way of embodying Lord RUSSELL's amendments in the Bill seem very great. The Protestant Nonconformists of England, the class of English clergy who howled at Mr. GLADSTONE in Lancashire, and the Scotch generally, will be dead against any proposal to put money into the treasury of Babylon. And, we fear, the Irish Roman Catholic members in the Commons would find themselves obliged to oppose the scheme; for, although most of them might in their hearts welcome gladly any plan that promised to make the body of the priests more independent, and although the bulk of their constituents would think as they did, and although the bulk of the priests who guide these constituents might share their feelings, yet the risk of losing their seats at the next election might frighten them. The bishops would order the priests to oppose them, and the priests, who are now absolutely dependent on the bishops, would obey,

and would set the constituency against the very men who had done what the priests and the constituency wished they should do. We do not see where the motive-power to carry the Bill through the Commons would come from, except by a coalition between the Government and the Opposition. We are thus led to the real central difficulty that bars the way to the acceptance of Lord RUSSELL's amendments. The Cabinet would find itself in a position that would be almost, if not quite, untenable. The Ministers have come into office on the plea that they were forced to prepare a counter policy to that of Lord MAYO. But to give a large slice of the surplus to the Roman Catholics for glebes and churches, is really levelling up. It proceeds upon the same principle, and is defensible only by the very arguments that Lord MAYO would have used for his scheme. The only difference between the two plans is one as to the amount of money to be given to the Roman Catholics. If, as Lord MAYO would have proposed, the Irish Church had kept all that it has got, the amount to be given to the Roman Catholics must in fairness have been larger than it would be if taken from the surplus. But, further, the Government have justified their Bill on the ground, not that it was theoretically the only Bill or the best Bill, but that it was the Bill which the country wishes for. They have stated that, in accordance with what is indisputably one of their primary duties, they have ascertained the feelings of the country, and that all schemes of concurrent endowment are alien to these feelings. To adopt Lord RUSSELL's amendments would be to acknowledge that they have performed one of their primary duties in a most insufficient way; and although they might shelter themselves under the plea that the opinion of the country has changed, they would still substantially confess that they have misinterpreted the signs of the times; and the real Ministerial power, the government and direction of the country in this most important affair, would obviously reside not in them, but in the peers who carried Lord RUSSELL's amendments. They will also see that to adopt these amendments would not only lower their prestige, but in all probability break up their party. Mr. GLADSTONE would, indeed, be making a martyr of himself if he consented to abandon his present position in the Commons in order to oppose, by the aid of the Conservatives, the English Dissenters, the Scotch, and the Irish Roman Catholic members. Other observers than Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON would watch with interest Mr. GLADSTONE's face as he came into the House of Commons to own that Lord MAYO was right after all. Even if, in obedience to a new view of duty, he would consent to wear sackcloth and cover himself with ashes to this extent, it is by no means certain that the Bill could be carried this year; for there would be a large section in both Houses who would agree with Lord WESTBURY that the constitution of the Established Church might remain much as it is if the claims of the Roman Catholics were settled in cash, and there would be another large section who would say that if the necessary sum were paid to the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians, the Irish Church might very well be allowed to keep the rest. If these views, which certainly have a show of reason, prevailed, the Bill would have to be recast from beginning to end. All the labours of the Commons would be entirely thrown away, and about the end of July the Government draftsmen would have to be charged with the preparation of a new Bill.

We have yet to learn what amendments those peers will devise who think it possible to keep the framework of the Bill as it is, and yet to amend its provisions largely in the interest of the Irish Church. It is easy to anticipate what may be done in the way of what the Yankees call one-horse amendments. Lord GRANVILLE has frankly owned that the Government has itself kindly contrived an easy passage for humble vehicles through some of the provisions of the Bill. A good-sized pony would be enough to draw through such amendments as that of changing the date from which to calculate private endowments, and a donkey might do for Lord SHAFTESBURY's proposal to insert special clauses to meet the curious longevity of clergymen. It is quite true that as a large portion of the Irish clergy lead healthy, frugal lives, with a fair income and almost nothing to do, they belong to the class of annuitants who wear out the hearts of reversioners, and who go living on, like ravens or swans, years after intelligent actuaries have proved to them that they ought, according to the best tables, to be in their coffins. But there are peers whose views are much more ambitious and extensive, and who propose to drive four, or even six-horse, coaches through the Bill. We can only say that when they make their attempt, they ought to have quite fair play. Every amendment should be discussed on its own merits, and we may go further and say that, wherever a point can be shown to be doubtful, it ought to be decided in

favour of the Irish Church. It would be a source of the greatest satisfaction to all impartial Englishmen if any amendments could be devised which would comfort and appease the Orangemen and yet not depart from the principles on which the Bill is founded. To do this seems to us very difficult, and certainly Mr. DISRAELI signally failed when he set himself to do it; but by all means let it be done, if it be possible.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Constitution has been adopted and sworn to, and SERRANO is installed as Regent; but there has been no reconciliation of parties. The Spaniards, although some of their claims to general admiration are exaggerated or premature, may boast of having deviated with entire originality from the ordinary track of revolutions. For seven or eight months they have managed to keep the peace, and to conduct the ordinary business of the country, while they were debating general principles, and choosing between two different forms of government. Their final decision in favour of a monarchy has led to the provisional establishment of a system which might be accurately described as Republican. An elected ruler exercises the executive power under control of the Cortes, not as a Viceroy, although he bears the ambiguous title of Regent; but by an appointment which became necessary in default of a King. There are precedents, both in Europe and Asia, of sovereigns reigning by a subordinate title which had been originally conferred, in accordance with the fact, on themselves or their predecessors; but SERRANO is not suspected of any design to found a dynasty, nor is there the smallest probability that such an enterprise could succeed. The old French Commission of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, once held under the authority of the League by the Duke of MAYENNE, corresponds nearly to the rank which has been conferred on SERRANO. The English title of Protector meant less than the Spanish Regency when it was borne by GLOUCESTER or SOMERSET, and it implied more solid and independent power when it was afterwards conferred on CROMWELL. If the present arrangement should last for any considerable time, the Spanish Constitution may perhaps imperceptibly approximate to the Parliamentary Monarchy which in England contains all the elements of an orderly Republic. The difference between a Regent chosen by the Cortes, and a President elected by the people, extends over the whole intermediate space between the English and the American systems. If, unfortunately, there were to be a President elected for the United Kingdom, Mr. GLADSTONE would at the present moment be preferred to all competitors by an overwhelming majority. His administrative functions would probably be those of a Prime Minister, but his position would be radically altered. Instead of representing the supremacy of Parliament, he would hold his power direct from the people; and as long as his popularity lasted he might probably be able, if he were willing, to defy the opposition of the two Houses. In the actual state of things the Minister is really the stronger, because the trust which is delegated to him by Parliament is revocable at a moment's notice. It is probable that SERRANO will find his task facilitated by the obvious impossibility of a collision with the Cortes.

The personal rivalries which were naturally supposed to divide the chiefs of the Government have hitherto, except on one occasion, been successfully repressed. TOPETE warned the Cortes against the ambitious projects which he imputed to PRIM; but the Admiral still presides over the navy, and the Field-Marshal over the army. SERRANO would be supported by the Cortes in any contest with his formidable colleague; and there is some reason to hope that the military revolts which have in Spain frequently regulated the distribution of power, are becoming obsolete. The Revolution of September was exclusively conducted by naval and military leaders, and it is probable that an edifying proclamation in which PRIM denounced the interference of soldiers in politics produced little moral effect. The right of rebelling against the QUEEN or her Ministers has by long custom only been limited by the penalties of failure. Non-commissioned officers who hoped to earn their epaulettes by a mutiny had only to calculate the force of their opponents, inasmuch as both parties knew that the country at large was entirely indifferent whether O'DONNELL or NARVAEZ was in power. It is only where veteran mercenaries trained in war have learned to consider their flag or their regiment as their country, that military conspiracies are likely to thrive in defiance of popular feeling. A rebellion of general officers against the Cortes would be universally resented; and the soldiers themselves would to some extent share the general indignation. Notwithstanding many idle rumours

of Carlist risings, there is only one malcontent party from which an insurgent chief could hope for support; and happily PRIM is divided from the Republicans by reciprocal animosities. It is certain that he will not intrigue with the banished dynasty; and it would be impossible for him to rest a claim to supreme power on his military position. If the army again engages in civil broils, it will be either supporting or opposing an attack of the Republicans on the Constitution. It is at present the interest of PRIM to remain on good terms with SERRANO; and there is no reason to accuse him of disloyalty. CABALLERO DE NODAS, the most active and ambitious of PRIM's lieutenants, is on his way to Cuba; and no other military chief is sufficiently prominent to alarm the jealousy of SERRANO and PRIM. The army, which may not perhaps be easily converted from its restless tendencies by general orders, will perhaps gradually recognise, as in other European countries, the supremacy of the civil Government. Since the Revolution order has more than once been restored by a display of military force; and there has been neither disturbance nor menace on the part of the army. PRIM has invited the officers to swear to the Constitution, leaving them full permission to refuse; but at the same time intimating that disobedience will be followed by dismissal.

The Republican members absented themselves as a body from the ceremony of SERRANO's taking the oath of office; and it would seem that the party in general refuses to acquiesce in its recent defeat. Although the minority ought to a certain extent to be bound by the vote of the Cortes, perseverance in maintaining the Republican cause can scarcely be considered perverse as long as the dominant party postpones the election of a King. The choice of candidates has been narrowed by the tacit retirement of the Duke of AOSTA, and by the refusal of Dom FERNANDO, followed by his recent marriage. A Queen who could scarcely perform the functions proper to her rank, or a wife of the King who was not even decorated with the Royal title, would not be acceptable to a nation which has not yet forgiven the degradation of the former Court. The Duke of MONTPEISIER, who remains, has not gained in popularity, although his claims may have been improved by the retirement of his rivals. The Republicans in the Cortes lately expressed loud indignation at the DUKE's return from Portugal, although it is not pretended that he has committed any act which ought to be punished by exile. Princes have often been banished on grounds of political expediency; but the Duke of MONTPEISIER is not even a pretender to the throne, which he only hopes to obtain by the choice of the Cortes. It is probable that his return may indicate the intention of his supporters to push his claims; but either his friends think that the time for declaring in his favour has not arrived, or they are restrained by the opposition of PRIM. There is no doubt that the Duke of MONTPEISIER might have been crowned with general consent if he had taken an active part in the Revolution, and especially if he had been at the side of SERRANO in the combat of Alcolea; but absence has not removed the prejudices which he had provoked, and since last autumn the Republicans have had time to count their numbers, and to organize themselves into a party. They have been outvoted in the Cortes because their distinctive name is vaguely associated with subversive theories, and because socialists and anarchists are numbered in their ranks; but it is not certain that the mass of the population is as much afraid of change as its representatives, and revolutionary Democrats have always disregarded the decision of the greater number when it was opposed to their objects. The risings of last winter at Cadiz and elsewhere have perhaps been partially forgotten, and it is evident that in some parts of the country the Republic is popular. There is no reason at present to apprehend disturbances which would be easily repressed by the army, acting under regular and legitimate authority. The best speakers in the Cortes are Republicans, who will probably prefer Parliamentary conflicts to struggles in the field, where their own peculiar qualities would be useless. If MAZZINI's conspiracy, which has lately exploded in different parts of Italy, should be unexpectedly successful, the influence of a Republican triumph would be strongly felt in Spain. At present the leaders of the party have to content themselves with annoying a Government which they are not strong enough to overthrow. The prosaic discussions on the Budget, in which the Cortes are at present engaged, offer little opportunity for the exhibition of revolutionary fervour.

It is well that there is no occasion at home for the services of the army, as the rebellion in Cuba causes a serious drain on the military resources of Spain. The lawless deposition of General DULCE, and his forced removal from the island, although both measures might perhaps be defended by Spanish prece-

dent, are alarming events. The Spanish volunteers in Cuba thought fit to depose the GOVERNOR on account of his alleged leniency, and as long as they control the Government, they will probably conduct the civil war in the most barbarous manner. They will find in CABALLERO DE NODAS a commander who will scarcely be disposed to regulate his administration at the will of a portion of his troops; but it would seem that there is a risk of a dangerous contest among the defenders of order or of Spanish sovereignty. If any of the American adventurers who have joined the rebels are put to death in violation of the customs of civilized war, the irritation of their countrymen will be at the same time just and formidable. It is strange that a struggle which has lasted for more than half a year should never yet have been made intelligible to foreigners. It is not known whether the insurgents are friendly or hostile to slavery, and their dislike of Spanish functionaries seems to be an insufficient cause for an obstinate rebellion. The nature of the insurrection is as obscure as the motives of its leaders; for, although narratives of battles and victories have been occasionally published, it is uncertain whether the chiefs have ever succeeded in raising an army. American sympathisers with the rebellion exult in the actual or probable sufferings of the Spanish army from disease, especially in the hottest months of the year; but prudent officers will probably contrive to save their troops as far as possible from fatigue and exposure. The Cortes have, perhaps prudently, discouraged discussion on the affairs of Cuba; but it is said that the nation shares with the Government the feeling that it is a point of honour to defend an unprofitable possession. It may be doubted whether the Deputies from Cuba will ever take their seats in the Cortes to share in the debates upon future schemes for the abolition of slavery.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD ROMILLY was perfectly right in desiring to check the applause in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Lords, but the evil would not a short time ago have been thought one of the most urgent of existing grievances. The irrepressible excitement produced by the speeches of peers must be gratifying to the House, even when it takes an inconvenient or irregular form. One cautious speaker appropriately recalled the memory of the French Convention, and of debates controlled by the male and female rabble who were directly addressed by the more unscrupulous leaders of the Mountain. It may be hoped that the peers, and especially the bishops, will be proof against the temptation of preferring mob popularity to the approval of their colleagues. Even the Church dignitary who shouted and groaned last week on the steps of the Throne is perhaps not so dangerous an agitator as the Demoiselle THÉROIGNE. The silent interest of the audience in the gallery, and of the general community, will sufficiently reward the exertions of contending orators. When a dozen peers scattered themselves over the benches in the dull interval between five o'clock and dinner-time, the unprivileged spectators were not in the habit of violating the rules of order. Since the entrance of Lord SALISBURY into the House the attendance has been larger, and the ordinary proceedings have consequently been more spirited. The extraordinary vigour of the great debate of last week may possibly facilitate the efforts of ambitious members of the House to secure for it a greater influence in the conduct of public business; but it is above all things necessary, in any such attempt, to abandon the hope of achieving impossibilities. Even if the House of Lords were entirely composed of statesmen of the political and intellectual rank of its principal leaders, it would be as impossible as it is in present circumstances that a body not directly representative should have the weight of the House of Commons. The nation, though it may be willing to listen to prudent counsellors, reserves to itself the ultimate decision of all questions of the first importance, and in almost all cases of the kind the decision of the House of Commons ought to be accepted as the judgment of the country. The wisdom of the majority, in passing the most unpalatable of measures in deference to the authority which is virtually supreme, will increase the respect which is generally paid to the House of Lords. The defeat of the Irish Church Bill on the second reading would have been conspicuously imprudent, and undeniable rashness invalidates more than almost any other defect the reputation of a deliberative assembly. It will be generally acknowledged that the House of Lords has not only displayed great power of argument, but that it has had the virtue and the foresight to perform an act of remarkable self-denial. The Orangemen who complain that expediency has been preferred to the

assertion of principle unintentionally pay the House of Lords the highest of political compliments. In all public affairs a wise man looks only to what is to be done for the general good, attaching but little value to opportunities of uttering barren or unseasonable truths. Perhaps nine-tenths of the members of the House may have thought that the abolition of the Irish Establishment would be a grave misfortune; but a sufficient number fortunately remembered that the question was not whether the measure should become law, but how long the agitation should be allowed to continue before it would be necessary to submit to terms which might probably be more unfavourable.

While it is necessary that in the greatest matters the House of Lords should defer to the opinion of the House of Commons, it is not to be hastily inferred that reconsideration is useless. The large and respectable minority in the country which may be opposed to a popular measure is both satisfied by the expression of its feelings in the House of Lords, and in some degree reconciled to defeat by the example of politic submission. Such speakers as Lord SALISBURY and Lord CARNARVON are more likely to find a hearing from the friends of the Irish Church than if they had shared the vehement and uncompromising opinions of Mr. GLADSTONE. In their speeches the Conservative classes find a proof that it is not impossible to combine their own prepossessions with acquiescence in the inevitable overthrow of the Establishment. It may be added that, through the operation of various causes, the debates in the Upper House generally turn on comparatively general principles. The pregnant and weighty argument of the Bishop of St. DAVID's would have been thought out of place in the House of Commons. There is no occasion to rate too highly the importance of an appeal which necessarily ends in the confirmation of the judgment of the House below. The Irish Church Bill, like the first Reform Bill, will have been virtually the work of the House of Commons, if it is passed in the present or in any future Session. The functions of the House of Lords were confined to the explanation of the reasons which rendered it necessary that a reluctant majority should pass the Bill, and to a limited modification of details. It is in the more common and larger mass of legislation that a Second Chamber has the opportunity of being substantially useful. It has of late been frequently and justly stated that, in questions of secondary importance, the country is not indisposed to place considerable reliance on the ability and honesty of the House of Lords. Among other qualifications for the despatch of business, the Peers possess the traditional habit of being guided by their leading members. The rank and file are not encouraged to make superfluous speeches; and the coldness with which volunteers are received effectually suppresses the garrulity which elsewhere finds an excuse or a motive in the eagerness of constituents. The debate is in ordinary cases confined to the front benches, with great addition of value to the discussion. Except where commercial interests are concerned, there are few subjects of legislation on which there is not a respectable amount of special knowledge among the principal members of the House. Even if the power of the House of Lords extended to the control of finance, there are generally Ministers or ex-Ministers present who have in former times discussed similar questions in the House of Commons. Professor THOROLD ROGERS complains, in a letter to the *Morning Star*, of the extravagant compliments which have, in his judgment, been paid to the speakers in the Irish debate. There is perhaps some pretext for a censure which would apply equally to almost all laudatory criticism; but when Professor ROGERS attempts to reduce the alleged merit of the speeches to an absurdity by suggesting that, if the Lords are abler than the Commons, the constituencies must have been mistaken in their choice, the dilemma is not absolutely conclusive. The average standard of ability is nearly the same in both Houses, and the respective leaders belong to the same official class. No competent and candid judge of eloquence will deny that Mr. BRIGHT is the greatest of living orators; but Lord ELLENBOROUGH in his prime was superior to any second speaker in the present House of Commons.

There is much foundation for the complaint that successive Governments have, in deference to the supposed jealousy of the House of Commons, withheld from the Peers a fair share of the business of legislation. It is fortunate that, for various reasons, and more especially in consequence of the difficulty of finding seats for official candidates, a large section of every Cabinet is necessarily composed of Peers. It cannot but be the wish of Ministers in the position of Lord GRANVILLE or the Duke of ARGYLL to add to the importance and utility of their order, and, by a steady exertion of their influence, they may to some extent counteract the prejudices and the timidity of their

colleagues in the Upper House. Unless some unwise interference with the provisions of the Irish Church Bill produces a reaction, public opinion will not be opposed to an increase of the legislative activity of the House of Lords. Lord SALISBURY's joint Committee has, as might have been expected, ended in nothing; but although the House of Commons may not consent to change its forms for the purpose of adding to the power of the House of Lords, it would offer no active resistance to a reasonable modification of the custom by which business is distributed. The authority of the House of Lords, independently of its constitutional rights, depends not only on the practised ability of the leading Peers, but on the vast possessions and the social pre-eminence of the order. To some fastidious critics the love of an Englishman for a lord appears to be a mark of national vulgarity. It would not be difficult to show that there is another side of the question, if the inquiry were necessary for practical purposes. It is sufficient to know that the preference for men of high rank for the performance of certain duties is unquestionable and almost universal. A man is born a peer, but he is elected a director, a trustee, a chairman, and a president of all manner of institutions; and the House of Lords consists in a large proportion of persons who have been thus appointed by popular suffrage to responsible offices. It is not surprising that an Assembly so composed exercises a power which imitative bodies of the same kind in other countries have uniformly failed to acquire. The weight which the House of Lords derives from the personal position of its members is sufficient for all ordinary purposes; but the scale flies up when the House of Commons on rare occasions throws a fixed resolution into the balance. It is as necessary in politics as in all other forms of human activity to defer to laws of nature wherever they are ascertained. A prudent Assembly will not invite inquiry into the limits of its power, nor undertake any task which it may not reasonably hope to accomplish.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS AND THE EMPEROR.

THE significance of the French elections does not become less serious as the event itself retreats from view. Though this or that prophecy may have been falsified by the second ballot, there is enough in the facts that remain to give cause for grave anxiety, if not for immediate alarm. The position of affairs in France is one to which the Second Empire is wholly unaccustomed, and it is yet to be seen whether the instinct of self-preservation will supply the lack of experience. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that the great body as well of the electors as of the people is on the side of the Government, while even no longer ago than last winter the extreme minority showed so many symptoms of exhaustion that the EMPEROR thought it harmless enough to be treated as a useful tool. We are separated only by a few weeks from the time when this reading of the political atmosphere seemed still plausible, but it has passed in this short interval into the limbo of exploded hypotheses. The overwhelming majority has proved to be very little larger than was required to turn the scale in favour of the Government, while, if looked at in the light of official knowledge, it may hardly seem to fulfil even this requirement. For immediate purposes, indeed, a vote is a vote, no matter who has given it, or how it has been obtained; but, to those astute persons who regard it as an index of the mental attitude of the elector, this remoter consideration must appear of considerable importance. When the exigencies of official position, the need of official countenance, and the hope of official favour have all been taken into account, a very large deduction will have to be made from those 800,000 voters who have won for the Government its nominal victory. The support of a huge bureaucracy is no doubt extremely valuable in deciding a critical contest, but it cannot after all be counted as anything more than a species of political challenge cup which is always at the command of the combatant who is strongest for the time being. How large an allowance must be made on this account the EMPEROR ought—if only he is well served—to know better than any one else; but that some such allowance must be made is absolutely certain, and the majority of 1869 is not so overwhelming that any even the smallest diminution of it can be viewed with indifference. Thus it is a feature of the situation in France that the EMPEROR must be thoroughly aware of the weakness of the system he has built up with so much pains. So far as he himself is concerned, it is of course well that he should see facts in their true colours, but this accuracy of vision may be none the less a source of danger to Europe. More than one critic has lately been busying himself with speculations whether

NAPOLEON III., if brought face to face with revolution, would show more determination than LOUIS PHILIPPE, or as much dignity as CHARLES X. To foreigners, at all events, it is of more moment to consider what he will do to avert a revolution than how he will bear himself in the presence of one. For the last month the foreign relations of the Empire have seemed but of secondary interest in comparison with the judgment of the country upon its domestic policy. Now that the elections are over, the balance must be readjusted. The questions suggested by the mere mention of Prussia, or Rome, or Belgium can hardly have been brought nearer to a peaceful solution by the fresh need in which the EMPEROR finds himself of supplying the Empire with a *raison d'être*. Even in the congratulatory platitudes which the EMPEROR offered on Thursday to the victors of Solferino, his identification of French patriotism with military fidelity shows that he perfectly appreciates the quarter to which he can alone look for real support in any formidable crisis.

Nor is this the only aspect in which the result of the late contest furnishes food for thought. Whatever may be the precise numbers to which the Radical Opposition can fairly lay claim, it has certainly shown abundant traces of an amount of strength and organization that has taken most people by surprise. The comparative indifference which the Republican party throughout Europe has of late shown to political methods has sometimes been mistaken for an abandonment of political action. The returns of the Paris elections will have rudely undeceived any who thus think; and the fact that the Republic is desired as a means rather than as an end, as an instrument to effect social changes rather than as a political change which is its own justification and reward, will not make this sudden enlightenment less alarming. Neither the temper which animates the apostles of the new movement, nor the confidence they display in their own success, contains much consolation for those timid citizens who have been telling themselves ever since 1848 that the age of revolutions is over. Perhaps their assurance will prove about as well grounded as the kindred belief, which was so prevalent in 1851, that war had been finally got rid of. But whatever may be the real danger shadowed forth in these vague indications, it is, in a greater or less degree, a danger for Europe generally. If the Radical Opposition in France were actuated only by political motives, it might be fairly argued that the contagion of their example will not, under any circumstances, extend to countries which furnish no parallel to the political conditions under which Frenchmen now live. So far, however, as the social conditions of other European countries differ from those of France, they are for the most part rather more than less favourable to the development of revolutionary ideas. Why, for example, should an English labourer with ten shillings a week be more inclined to set his face against communism than a small French proprietor? He may remain a good while longer beyond the sphere of its influence, but if once he is brought within it, there is no reason why he should not take the disease at least as badly as his neighbour. It is possible, of course, that the next European revolution may turn out in the end to be as fertile in unforeseen advantages as its predecessor, and that the progress which public morality has made in the interval will prove sufficient to preserve it from those tremendous evils by which the changes of 1789 were alloyed. But even those whose estimate of the future is on the whole sanguine may be pardoned if they feel a natural shrinking from so colossal a readjustment of existing arrangements as is contemplated by the Socialist Republicans; and in so far as the French elections have shown the strength of this party to be greater than had previously been supposed, they certainly supply an additional ingredient in that composite sense of uneasiness of which France has more than once become the occasion.

In the absence of better materials, the French public has been seeking to extract as much information as possible about the future from the EMPEROR's letter to BARON DE MACKAU, followed as it has been by the promotion of BARON JÉRÔME DAVID to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. It must be admitted that if it were necessary to invest these two acts with the importance at first attached to them in Paris, they would amount to little less than a promise of a new *coup d'état*. BARON JÉRÔME DAVID belongs to that small clique of politicians which glories in being more Imperial than the EMPEROR, and it is not unnatural that the choice of an Arcadian as the donee of exceptional honours, immediately after the elections, should be generally taken as a note of defiance against every section of the Opposition. The language of the letter to M. DE MACKAU is quite compatible with this theory. Indeed, if the EMPEROR has really come to the conclu-

sion that "concessions of principles, or sacrifices of persons, are always inefficient in presence of popular movements," and that "a Government with any self-respect ought not to yield either to pressure or persuasion or riot"; it is no longer open to him to make any change whatever in his system of government. There is little chance that France will again, at least in his lifetime, enjoy that freedom from "subversive passions" which at an early period of his reign it was his boast to have secured to her. Whether the Empire shall yield to persuasion, or be modified by pressure, or succumb to riot, it may still be in his power to decide; but that, in the absence of some unforeseen catastrophe, one or other of these influences will be in constant operation for the future, it is hardly possible to doubt. That halcyon state of absolute immunity from censure or criticism which followed upon the Second of December will scarcely be reproduced by any less drastic process. We can readily believe that NAPOLEON III. is now quite convinced that, if he can but get such an opportunity again, he will use it to better purpose. When all opposition is once more silenced, and an adoring nation has composed itself to accept from the hand of its preserver the boon of a liberal Constitution, the long-delayed reforms will be bestowed with lavish generosity. Happily, perhaps, for the Imperial consistency, these resolutions of amendment will never be put to the test; but it is by no means equally certain that the position taken up in the letter to M. DE MACKAU will be maintained in its integrity. This curious document has all the air of that introductory protest against yielding anything which, in the mouth of an irresolute sovereign, is not seldom the preface to an unusually large concession. If the EMPEROR has made up his mind to try some fresh experiment in a Liberal direction, he will naturally be anxious to invest the act, as far as it is in his power to do so, with the character of being the unprompted product of his own will. With this end in view his first aim would be to interpose a break between the elections and his intended reforms. France must learn that the former event has no connexion with the latter, before she can be allowed to profit by the intimate relation which really exists between them. There is no great difficulty in reconciling the elevation of BARON JÉRÔME DAVID with this explanation. Among ourselves, when a new Ministry comes into office, its first act is sometimes to give peerages to the most impracticable of its supporters while in opposition. NAPOLEON III. has the character of being true to his friends; and, if he has resolved to break with the Arcadians more definitively than he has yet seen his way to doing, the promotion of one or more of their number would form an appropriate preface to the act. That the EMPEROR has actually made up his mind to any irrevocable step is highly improbable, but this is no reason why he should not take one which, as we have seen, has the merit of being legitimately open to more than one interpretation.

THE DUAL GOVERNMENT OF THE ARMY.

MR. O'REILLY has redeemed his pledge of again bringing before the notice of the House the anomalous relations which exist between the General for the time being exercising the authority of Commander-in-Chief, and the Secretary of State for War. It was right that the subject should be mentioned on going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, but neither MR. O'REILLY nor any one else could hope at this moment to get up a real live debate on any subject of the kind in the midst of the excitement caused by the present aspect of the Irish Church question. All that could be done MR. O'REILLY has done. In the first place, he has made the subject his own, and will no doubt hereafter discharge the responsibilities which he has assumed. He has, moreover, extracted from the Minister an admission that he has no answer to give beyond the usual transparent and conventional fallacies with which it is the rule to meet all questions on administrative matters which cannot otherwise be got rid of. The contest is only postponed. The time is inopportune for such a discussion; and the same considerations which staved off a debate in the House are equally potent with us against an immediate renewal of the controversy. At a future time we shall certainly recur to it, but for the present shall content ourselves with noting the precise position of the question, leaving its final solution to wait for a more favourable season, when the opponents of military domination may be less tongued-tied than they now are, and the mind of the country less absorbed in a more pressing, though scarcely more important, controversy. MR. CARDWELL suffered so much humiliation in the early part of the year from the injudicious and disingenuous course which he took upon this subject, that

we do not desire to load him with further reproaches, and we shall only refer to the past so far as is absolutely necessary to clear the question of all false issues, and show what the point in dispute really is. The facts are now no longer in question. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief exercises all the powers of the office of Commander-in-Chief. Those powers are defined by a Royal Warrant to include an exclusive authority over all appointments and promotions, and over the discipline of the army, absolutely free from any interference by the Secretary of State for War, except by invoking a special exercise of Royal prerogative. These powers are, as a rule, exercised independently of the Parliamentary Minister, except in cases of considerable importance; and if a difference of opinion arises on these serious matters, it is the custom of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS to waive his strict rights, and defer to the suggestions of the Secretary of State. Practically the result is that, on great questions of policy connected with the military government of the army, the Commander-in-Chief, though lawfully supreme, pays regard to the wishes of the Minister; and so great conflicts are avoided, and always will be avoided, while the office is held by a General as prudent as HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS. At the same time, in the ordinary administration of the army, the independent powers of the Commander-in-Chief not only exist in theory, but are exercised in practice, and the Secretary of State abstains as religiously from any interference with Horse Guards' organization and administration as his military coadjutor does from asserting his rights on contested points of the gravest importance. In short, by this system of mutual complaisance there is an approach to unity of policy, while in practical administration duality flourishes in full vigour. No abuse or extravagance, however flagrant, in the working of the Horse Guards Department (and there are many such abuses), is ever touched by the Minister who affects to be at the head of the army; and even when, as at present, a large and comprehensive scheme of re-organization is under consideration, the whole field of Horse Guards administration is excluded from the inquiry, and left not only without reform, but without question.

Mr. CARDWELL does not now dispute any of these facts, and it is difficult to say precisely on what grounds he means to rest his defence. All that we can do is to register the successive excuses which he has put forward, leaving the future to determine on which of them he intends to rely when the conflict comes, as come in due time it assuredly will. Here is the list of the Ministerial pleas, which would do justice to the most astute of special pleaders:—

First Plea.—The Duke of CAMBRIDGE is not Commander-in-Chief, and exercises his authority not under a Royal Warrant, but under a letter of service, and is in theory and practice subordinate to the Secretary of State.

Second Plea.—The Duke of CAMBRIDGE does exercise all the powers of Commander-in-Chief under a Royal Warrant, giving him exclusive jurisdiction, and it is right that he should do so.

Third Plea.—Though the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has theoretical independence, he waives it when the Minister brings his influence to bear upon him, and it is right that he should have, by a solemn document, powers which it is wrong that he should exercise.

Fourth Plea.—The Secretary of State does not in practice interfere with or control the ordinary Horse Guards administration, and does not include it in his comprehensive projects for the reform of army organization; the Commander-in-Chief is not his subordinate; and this, also, is right.

These defences are curiously like the traditional schoolboy's plea, "I never had your knife—besides, it was my own—and you know I returned it."

We have said that we do not mean at present to re-open the argument, and we leave the subject as it stands on the various inconsistent contentions of the SECRETARY-FOR-WAR. Substantially the issue may be thus summed up. The Commander-in-Chief is, in his department, *de facto* independent of the Secretary of State, but he is subject to his influence, which is used on great occasions to prevent direct conflict, but is not used to check extravagance and abuse in ordinary administration. On his side, the Minister is subject to the counter influence of the Horse Guards, and is more controlled by, than master of, his military subordinates in the War Office. Mr. CARDWELL says, this arrangement is not dual administration, and is very wholesome. We say it is not very wholesome, and it is dual government. Some day the argument will be fought out. But in the meantime it is curious to observe how completely the Minister is subordinated to the clique represented by Sir HENRY STOKES. If it had

chanced that this military dictator had combined with the Horse Guards authorities to place the office of Secretary-for-War in the flabbiest hands they could find, they could scarcely have done more than Mr. GLADSTONE has done for them by the appointment of Mr. CARDWELL. If a Minister of Mr. LOWE's stamp had been at the War Office, we should not have seen the constitutional authority of the Secretary of State abdicated in favour of a military usurpation. As it is, we find day by day the civil control of finance transferred to the hands of a soldier more formidable than the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF himself, because he practically wields at his own pleasure all the authority of the Secretary of State. We may expect to see the most able and experienced civilians in the supply departments snubbed and cashiered, and their places supplied by dignified officers who cannot but look for, and probably will get, twice or three times the accustomed salaries. All this time there is much talk of reforms, the particulars of which are shrouded in the darkest mystery. As yet nothing definite has resulted from nearly a year's labour of the great military dictator, who has succeeded in destroying an existing system without substituting any new organization which will bear to be announced to the public. Abuses of this kind cannot last for ever, but the present position of affairs is this:—The real power so unconstitutionally vested in the Commander-in-Chief is supposed to be controlled by the influence of the Secretary of State, while the lawful authority of the Minister is absolutely subject to the dictation of General Sir HENRY STOKES. Such an inversion of the due order of things must in course of time right itself by an explosion, and we should not be surprised if the explosion were to come sooner than is generally anticipated.

THE THAMES CONSERVANCY.

FATHER THAMES has been suffering for many years under a complication of disorders; he is now suffering many things from many physicians, and though it would be impossible to make things worse than they were, it does not as yet seem that we know the exact effects of all our remedies upon the interesting patient. First, there was the indignity which the great Father of our British streams endured in being turned into the common sewer of London. Thanks to the strong and fetid appeal made by the sufferer to the Legislature one extremely hot summer, we undertook the main drainage of London, and to their cost the ratepayers know that at all events we tried to do the matter thoroughly. That is to say, we caught all the filth of London, secured it in large pipes, and again returned it into the river some ten miles down the stream; but the horrid whisper prevails that we have done little good except in the way of establishing a large floating laystall at Barking, the savoury contents of which again find their way as far as the upward tide will carry them. The gudgeon and dace and flounders which used to sport opposite the Temple, and which are now promised in Chelsea Reach, are to be caught when they can be caught. Then we have quayed the Thames, and done it well; but we yet await what will happen to all the old London bridges by the change in the bed of the river which must attend the narrower and stronger stream. But all these doctorings only affected the Thames as it approached and flowed through London. The Thames, though one river, consisted of two separate dominions—the Lower and the Upper Thames. The Lower Thames reaches from the Nore to Staines, and in the old days, when corporations were powerful, it fell under the care of the Court of the Mayor and Aldermen of the City, who were *ex officio* Conservators. The Upper Thames, from Staines to Cricklade, was under the management, or supposed management, of a large body of Conservators, partly officials and partly consisting of the riparian owners and residents, who were supposed to have an interest in protecting the navigation and stream. These Conservators of the Upper Thames had not much to show for their government. Not only were they an unwieldy body, but the times were sadly against them. They were in debt hopelessly and insolvent. Their locks and weirs were everywhere rotten and dangerous. As a highway for traffic of goods the Thames had been obliged to yield to the railway, and there was every chance of the navigation entirely ceasing. Add to this that every conceivable job and abuse was perpetrated in the Upper Thames. What with the rights, real or pretended, of the mill-owners and the fishery-owners, the stream itself was in the most uncertain state. No provision was made for dealing with floods, or for storing superfluous waters. Oxford for years has been a breeding-pond for malaria and fever; and every town on the banks, by turning all its sewage into the river, made the river undrinkable

pretty nearly through its whole course. In 1866 the new Thames Conservancy Act was passed; the two jurisdictions were incorporated, and a single Conservancy Board established, with a preponderating and, as many people thought, excessive London element. But, on the whole, the Act was a good one. It aimed at a good many reforms, which hitherto have not been carried out, though they are always going to be carried out. As we said at the time, the Act was both timid and tyrannical, and the result of a panic. Consequently but little has hitherto come of it. Subsidized by the profits accruing from the Lower navigation, it was hoped that the Upper Thames, as a navigable stream, might still continue to be kept open. And here and there a lock has been, we are assured, repaired, and a weir remodelled; but as regards the general state of the lockage between Windsor and Oxford, almost everything remains to be done. Then as regards the pollution of the river, this new Conservancy Act gave ample powers to prevent the evil. It is of course all going to be remedied; but at present, as far as we can see, none of the large towns have been compelled to submit to its provisions; nor are the paper mills, nor the dwellers on the banks, taken in hand by authority. Bleaching refuse and house drainage are all along the river thrown in much as they used to be, and, if we remember rightly, the provisions which gave some respite to these nuisances to provide themselves with another exit must be by this time exhausted. In short, as regards both the navigation and the purity of the Upper Thames, the new Conservancy is as yet not much to be congratulated on the results of its three years of existence; while, as regards the really important objects contemplated by the Act, the providing for an outfall of the flood-waters in such places as Oxford, and the storing of the stream floods in reservoirs for the water supply of London, nothing has been done except to provide a subject of everlasting talk. The sewage of towns and houses and the refuse of mills passing into the Thames is prohibited by law; but these things are carried on, and seem likely to be carried on.

No doubt there is some excuse to be made for the Conservators. In some cases the time of grace to the nuisance-mongers—very unnecessarily prolonged by the Act, which extended it over some years—may not have quite run out; though we are not so sure that the notices to abate all local pollutions which the Act requires the Conservators to give have been given. But we suspect that the real weakness of the Conservators is in their poverty. The Tower Hill Board is not sufficiently in funds to go into long and protracted lawsuits with all those who, for sixty or seventy or a hundred miles of stream, find it to be their interest to pollute the river. Five or six years ago the Kingston people contrived to defeat all the Sanitarians and to win an egregious triumph for the practice of poisoning HER MAJESTY'S subjects. Abingdon and Wallingford, and Reading and Maidenhead, and Windsor and Staines, are not likely to miss the value of this dirty precedent; and if the Conservators are to enforce the Act, they must have more funds, and, above all, more inspectors than they can afford with their present income from profits—if they have any profits. The Act is stringent enough, and its provisions are minute enough; it goes so far as to provide a machinery for scavenging the stream, and fishing out dead dogs, and it prohibits all offal, and vegetable or any other refuse, being cast into the river. But these are mere paper prohibitions, sure to be evaded without an army of inspectors; and when the Act was passed we expressed fears, which have been amply verified, that the cleansing of the Thames was really as far off as ever.

But something has been done. The Conservators have at last drawn up some by-laws—first, for the regulation of boat-races, and next, for the regulation of the fisheries on the Upper Thames. The object of these by-laws is to assimilate the rules of the upper stream to those already in force below Staines. The Act provides that any by-laws of this sort should first be advertised, for the purpose [of allowing objections and representations to be made on their substance. At present the by-laws—they were advertised in the *Times* on Monday—are open to objections and capable of modification till July 28. We propose, therefore, to avail ourselves of this invitation to critics, and shall discuss them in order. We pass over a preliminary objection that, after all, these are very minor matters; and though boat-races and gudgeon-catching are important objects to certain folks, the public would have been as well pleased had the new Conservators displayed their energy, recruited by three years of passive existence, on such not very trifling considerations as the pollution of the Thames and its secure navigation.

The first provision relates to boat-races and regattas, and

under a penalty of five pounds compels the master of any vessel to obey the Conservators' officer in keeping the stream clear for the race. This is quite right, and the regulations observed at the late Henley Regatta show that the provision is feasible. But we think the Conservators might have gone further. A nuisance has lately sprung up in the upper river by the establishment of private steamers, which career wildly at their own sweet will, and render the river perfectly intolerable to quiet boatmen, anglers, and those who love scenery. A steamer under the Cleifden woods is neither more nor less than a public nuisance. Boating on the Thames is a healthful, noble, and sportsman-like exercise; but what can be said of a noisy, tearing, hissing, smoking, venomous-looking little screw, freighted with an idle and rowdyish company, often racing with another competitor just as ugly, offensive, and mischievous—except that it is a refinement of selfishness and idleness? These private steamers of course have the full command of the river, and to say nothing of the dangers which they involve as regards the small and light rowing craft, especially in passing a lock, they do infinite damage to the banks, and foul the stream by their wash. These chartered libertines of the river are well worthy the attention of the Conservators, if the public convenience and the happiness of the greatest number is an object with those grave authorities. The general execrations with which this innovation of private steamers on the Thames was saluted at the Henley Regatta are of course thrown away on their owners, but they might, however, have their effect with Captain BURSTAL and the Conservators, and there are few people who value the beauty and safety of the Thames who would not hail with satisfaction the absolute prohibition of steaming craft for purposes of what is called pleasure. Steamers are all very well in tidal waters, but not in the narrow reaches of such a river as the Upper Thames. As regards fisheries, the by-laws are, we believe, only a transcript of those already in force in the lower river. They require the observance of fence months, and they prohibit the capture of any fish below a specified size, and at the same time regulate the size of nets, prohibit night fishing, night lines, wiring, and scratching and bow-nets. There is nothing to find fault with in these rules, except perhaps to suggest that the close months for pike are unnecessarily lengthened from February 14 to June 1; we think that March 1 would be quite early enough. In France, where the season is likely to be earlier than in this country, the fence season is later—namely, from March 15 to June 1 or 15. And we may also ask, with some wonder, why the tench—a fish nearly unknown in most parts of the Thames—should have one whole day of law more than his brethren, and a by-law entirely to himself; the fence season for the tench being between February 14 and June 1, and the fence season for all other fish—except the salmonidæ—being fixed between February 14 and May 31? This single day's immunity to the tench is a profound mystery. We may also suggest that the prohibition of using wires or unbaited hooks should be extended from the stream of the Thames to all the affluent ditches. The pike, which suffers most from this poaching, is taken by wires, not in the river itself, but in the small narrow streams and ditches where the fish retire for spawning in the spring. One of these by-laws prohibits the destruction of spawn; but this is a provision absolutely nugatory while the Thames is as at present overrun with swans. A certain number of these fine birds contribute much to the picturesque character of the river; but while it is not perhaps quite established that swans do not eat live fish—we think they do not—it is past question that they will eat half their own weight in spawn in a single day of Spring. Swans are very well in their way, but a fleet of them, sixteen or eighteen strong, in a single reach of the Thames, makes anglers pray for an onslaught from Sir EDWIN LANDSEER'S sea-eagles.

These by-laws, we say, are all very well in their way; but they will come to very little unless the Conservators are prepared to pay a vast array of inspectors and keepers. Who in the quiet upper waters is to see that no pike below twelve inches and no perch below eight inches is carried off by the pot anglers and London excursionists? And were this close supervision practicable, the great fact would remain that it is not line anglers and Waltonians who spoil the Thames fishing, but the night poachers and the proprietors of the so-called private fisheries, among whom every yard of the river is divided. The fishing of the Thames, as of all navigable rivers, is of common right for anybody; but besides this there are co-ordinate rights of private fishing, and to those private fisheries, with all their appliances of eel stages and eel lines and general netting, all existing rights, real or pretended.

are reserved. So long as these private fisheries—a relic of feudalism—in public and navigable streams survive, angling is a mere pretence and mockery. If the Conservators in the public interest really wish to preserve the Thames fishery for the public convenience and amusement—an innocent and healthful object—they would be well employed in investigating the titles of these claimants of private and several fishery, and certainly in abridging and curtailing them, or, if need be, of buying them out. As far as we understand the origin of those rights and privileges, they were originally grants from the Crown, the Crown being the proprietor of the stream of navigable rivers. In France as well as in England the navigable rivers are the property of the State. If this is the case, the State in the public interest can well revise grants which were made under social conditions and for objects long obsolete. Investigation would perhaps discover that in many cases the riparian proprietors and owners of adjacent manors have treated the Thames as though it were an unnavigable stream, and have assumed rights over this great river which they would have had only were it an ordinary Scotch trout stream.

We cannot conclude these remarks on these proposed by-laws without calling attention to the grim irony of the clause which prohibits the taking of any salmon below the weight of four pounds in the Thames, or without expressing our firm conviction that the attempts now being made to stock the Thames with trout must fail as long as the breed of pike is encouraged, and while the artificial propagation of trout only ends in turning into the river hundreds of thousands of fry, which are constantly destroyed by their hundreds of thousands of natural enemies. It is of no use to introduce trout into the Thames if the fish are under a quarter, or, still better, half a pound in weight.

THE FALSE PERSUASION OF KNOWLEDGE.

MORALISTS of the cynical type have usually missed altogether the element in human conduct and character which is in truth the most presumptuous, the most self-deceiving, the most laughable, and, finally, the most mischievous of all our characteristics. They have sneered at the irony of life which hands the good over to the tender mercies of the wicked; which, while a man is eagerly toiling to this goal or that, has already dug an impassable pit just in front of the goal; which makes the bad man prosperous, and the virtuous man a scoff to the scorner; and which, in a word, seems to reduce all the conditions of existence to the level of a semi-humorous and semi-malignant chance. They point with unfair but very effective emphasis to the pretence, mendacity, imbecility of the actions of men and women, contrasted with the loftiness of their professions, the sublimity of their aspirations, the fervour of their creeds. We need not take any pains to go on enumerating the various lines of argument by which the desired result is reached—that men, namely, are a pack of marvellously organized dupes, every individual being duped by himself, and a great majority being duped by other people into the bargain. Now this conclusion is by no means of so passingly edifying a kind as to call for any zeal in providing it with new buttresses and holdfasts. Only it is worth while pointing out that our misanthropes have seldom or never found out the root of the evil which so impresses them. Content with a glowing presentation of the superficial features and colours of the fortunes of men, they have not penetrated to the worst and most radical ingredient of all this dupery and folly over which they so inhumanly gloat. Where are men the most bitterly and painfully duped of all? Surely, in their false persuasion of knowledge; in their ungrounded assumption of a right to pass judgments, and form opinions, and maintain convictions, where they have no such right; in their mistaken estimate of the ease with which competence of intellect and understanding is attained, and their still more mistaken estimate of the breadth of the gulf that divides competence from incompetence. If the misanthrope only understood “the beggarly trade he has chosen,” he would inevitably have fixed upon this as the field in which men most habitually deceive themselves, and in which they are most eager to gather the poisonous crops they have sown, as if they were treasures of sustenance and health.

The means of illustrating this and fixing it in the mind are never wanting. If you seek examples, *circumspice*; it matters not where you are, either in point of time or of space, nor what may be the subjects which engage either your own attention or the attention of your neighbours. The spectacle is invariably the same, points the same moral, and adorns a uniform tale; the blundering of men, the looseness of their grasp of methods and principles, their rashly accepted axioms, unverified inferences, misinterpreted experiences, spurious analogies, and all the other paraphernalia of minds equipped in the confidence of a knowledge which is in fact no knowledge at all. Let us illustrate this. We constantly hear the laugh of the scornful over friendship, and its hollownesses and unrealities. You call a man your friend, it is scoffingly alleged—and alleged with a measure of truth—because you happen to agree about some leading political question, or because you dine with one another twice a year, or on the strength of your son having married his daughter, or because you were at the

same school or at college together. Any outside bond, however casual, however frail, is counted at once for the symbol and root of the most intimate and penetrating relation in affection between you. And this sort of sarcasm is usually not very much misplaced. The relationship to which the name of friendship is given is mostly a hollow parody of friendship in any true, high, or natural sense. This, however, by way of illustration. The dining acquaintance is not a more ghostly mimic of a friend than the opinions of nine people out of ten, upon all difficult and important questions, are ghostly mimics of the only sort of opinion that is entitled to the weighty and honourable name of conviction. In politics, in religion, in speculation, indeed in all the most momentous departments of thought, the whitened sepulchre of the Scripture is the only type of belief that can be at all said to represent the facts. To the outer eye the opinions of men seem shapely, symmetric, firmly built up, of stout material, and containing much rich and toilsomely acquired treasure. Alas, nothing could well be more deceptive, nothing more hideously deluding, alike to the possessor of this precious mausoleum and all other persons. Instead of gifts acquired by much toil, it contains nothing but dry bones, lifeless and dusty, picked by time and natural processes of all muscle and utilizing sinew, unconnected with one another, not even making up a decent and compact skeleton among them. They were thrown at random into the heap, nobody knows exactly how nor why, and the owner has taken no pains even to sort them for mere order's sake and seemliness. This is not a bit too strong a picture of the contents of most men's understandings, if they could only be conveyed in concrete and physical images. One reason why such a mass of intellectual slovenliness prevails in the world is that people have not been accustomed to look at opinion in this concrete way, or by the help of these palpable illustrations. If men and women would only realize vividly the analogy between outer and inner disorder, the first step would have been taken towards inflaming them with an effectual solicitude to do something to remove the latter, as they are already anxious, in a general way, to remove the former. People have often amused themselves very heartily over the pictures of savages clad in a black chimney-pot hat and a dress-coat, with rings in their noses and ghastly tattooings on their cheeks, and no trousers, and patched boots, and strings of beads. Little do they dream that this incongruous tatterdemalion, half laughable, half pitiable, is the very image and pattern of their own inner selves, only perhaps a shade too favourable. Is it not, then, in his intellectual aspects, after all, that the misanthrope or cynic would find the fittest object of his resentment or contempt? Is it not here that dupery is supreme?

It is certainly unavoidable for the large majority of mankind that they should hold a great many opinions, and habitually act upon them, which they have not reached by rigidly logical processes, and which they would never be able to defend against the sharp and searching thrusts of a disciplined reasoner. Men and women must live; it is simply impossible to live without more or fewer opinions, and it is as impossible that these opinions should all be formed in an inexpugnable manner. Their germs are planted in the mind by early education, deliberate or accidental, and they are watered by circumstance and association. It is small blame to a man that he accepts the various moral and intellectual ideas which were instilled into him from the first, and he is all the better for holding them firmly, instead of in that provisional manner which so often puts practical morals into serious danger. The only thing that we have a right to demand from a person of this quality is that he shall be as intensely modest as it is possible for a human being to be. It is not necessary that he should think too abjectly of himself, or indeed abjectly at all; only we may fairly insist that he shall not play the Pope on all occasions. If he likes, he may remain satisfied that his opinions are good enough for himself. This is a point on which we may believe him to be the best judge. Their adequateness for other people, and their conformity to facts, are quite different things from this; and of these he has no sort of right to have any judgment until he has taken some pains to probe his opinions, test them, and generally establish them on something like a reasonable basis. And, as a rule, this is exactly what the man of what we may call hereditary or instinctive convictions declines to do. It is the last position in the world that he would be inclined to take up. He will be Pope, not only in the forum of his own conscience, but universally; permitting no impeachment of his infallibility either on his own hearth or in any company where somehow he may have gained a right to lift up his voice. It is this which is so hard to be borne by any poor creature who, not content with inherited or instinctive opinions, has really exercised himself in the effort to improve them, or to revise the reasons for which they are worth holding, or to state them in some better form than has been customary. It is hard for such a one to find himself only just tolerated, and treated as at best no more than an equal, by the mere tenth transmitter of a foolish opinion. Yet this is what is constantly happening in all sorts of subjects. The tyranny of the professor is grievous, but far more grievous is the usurped authoritative-ness of the ignorant; and among the very worst of the ignorant is he who, in one sense, knows most. That is to say, he is worst who has the greatest knowledge of facts and the longest list of opinions in his head, if he does not also know, and in a more or less reasoned manner, both the bearings and significance of the one, and the true grounds of the other. It

is amazing how many things a man may know, and yet may not know the most important of all—the limits and grounds of competence in one subject and another. For example, there are great hordes of people who believe that to have read a book with moderate care is to have earned a title to pronounce it good or bad, able or feeble. As if all did not depend upon the amount and kind of preparation which they had brought to the book. There is a great controversy raging in London society as to the tremendous question of the experiential and intuitional schools of moral theory. You may hear people take sides over their soup, and keep the debate up until the coffee; each of the pair of philosophic gladiators strong in the panoply of ignorance alike of the issues and of the literature of the subject. They fight with lath swords as if they were of Damascus steel. The whole performance is a mockery of polemic, each disputant bethwacking the other as with the hollow bladder of clowns. To a calm looker-on, caring and knowing a great deal too much about the matter to attempt to settle it, or get any light thrown upon it, at promiscuous dinner-parties, the spectacle is infinitely amusing. The contest is so bloodless, so unreal, so uninjurious—except in so far as it may lead to the persuasion that moral science is being popularized by this puny polemic of incompetent persons. A man who is truly competent may watch the dinner-party disputation of the utilitarian young gentleman with the intuitional lady, much as an artist might watch the scrawlings of a pair of children with a pencil on a blank sheet of paper. But politics and morals pass for a kind of No-man's Land, in the sense that any or every man may enter and possess it. Just as Mr. Mill says that every man thinks himself good enough to be the master of any woman, so three-fourths of the people we meet are persuaded of their own perfect fitness to discuss these most complex, difficult, and important matters, as if they were subjects on which no gentleman ought to be without a firm and most compact opinion, to be defended with perfect assurance against all comers. The mischief of this is fully as patent as its exceeding folly. It is, indeed, the root of most of the mischief there is in the world, and is the great obstructive force that prevents the removal of the old accumulated and time-honoured supplies of mischief. There is nothing better worth fighting against. This laxity of idea as to what constitutes mental competence ought to be constantly resisted at all hazards—even at the hazard of destroying mountains of self-conceit, and again and again blowing to the winds infinite bushels of unedifying dinner-table talk.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON COMTE.

FEW recent articles have more rejoiced our heart than that which Professor Huxley has contributed to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, for the dissection of Comtism. For years it has been a burden to us to see writers who appeared to have no one scientific quality held up, by themselves and others, as incarnations of science—writers whose sole merit was a dashing vehemence of style, who, to the discussion of the profoundest problems, brought arrogance in place of humility, dogmatism in place of cautious doubt. The roar of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* has been as nothing to the roar of a Positive philosopher. And the most provoking part of the certainty and confidence with which the opinions of these writers have been enunciated is the ease with which that confidence has been attained. Is there any subject that perplexes the minds of men, any subject on which the wisest men can proceed only cautiously, and can hardly affirm anything with certainty? the Positivist has a secure and triumphant way out of the difficulty. Cut it out; let us hear no more of it. The subject, we are told, is one belonging to the infancy of the human race; the clear air of the nineteenth century will not endure obscurity and doubt; therefore, let us get rid of what is obscure and doubtful by the simple process of shutting our eyes to it. It is in this way that religion, philosophy, nay, even the farthest advances of science itself, have been dealt with by the Comtists. And what is most ludicrous is that they have thought this method of treating abstruse topics something absolutely novel, the perfect fruit of the latest philosophy; whereas it is really the vulgar objection, that has been heard since the beginning of the world, against all studies that do not bear immediate fruit.

Let us, however, hasten to say that these observations are directed, not against Comte himself, but against the followers of Comte. A philosopher may be a very great philosopher for enunciating that which yet other people would be very great fools to enunciate after him *ipsisimis verbis*. And for this reason, that almost all great discoverers have discovered but a grain of wheat amid a monstrous quantity of chaff; but one or two diamonds among thousands of pebbles, a few grains of golden ore among a heap of dust. And thus we are far from wishing to speak with contempt of M. Comte's theory of the "three stages," or even of his yet cruder attempt at the classification of the sciences. Considered as the views of a single philosopher, they were brilliant, suggestive, and comprehensive; but they sadly wanted clarifying; they gave no dry light to the intellect; and this was no more than what might have been expected from their origin. Comte was but a young man when he produced his *Philosophie positive*; besides being a young man he was a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of more than ordinary ambition, disdain for old theories, and determination to be himself the great prophet of a new era. And his views were precisely such as wanted diligent and long shaping at

the hands of others; precisely such as it was not good to fall down and worship, to set up as the perfect flower of philosophy, the finished expression of thought. This, which ought not to have been done to them, is the very thing which has been done to them. And we say deliberately that Professor Huxley, who attacks Comte in the article of which we have spoken, is the first genuine follower that Comte has had; the first person who has taken Comte's views, and, without either accepting them as inspired, or anathematizing them as diabolical, has modified them in accordance with the interests of truth and the natural unborrowed reason.

And, as Professor Huxley's modification of the doctrine of the three stages is by much the most brilliant and satisfactory portion of his article, we will proceed as well as we can to describe it to our readers, with our own comments thereon. The doctrine of the three stages, as is well known, is as follows:—That all human inquiry into the reason and causes of things begins by assigning none but personal causes to whatever is seen or known; that, proceeding onwards, it assigns abstract notions as the fundamental cause; whereas the third and last stage of inquiry, and that which alone supplies true and intelligible results, is that in which nothing is sought for but the sequences of phenomena which invariably hold good, and are therefore said to be regulated by invariable law. Now, as Professor Huxley most truly remarks, these three stages of inquiry are not successive, but contemporaneous, and the first and third of them are both unquestionably legitimate; or at least, if one of them is to be swallowed up in the other, this cannot be effected at present, and therefore to speak of the first as inefficient, or as a nonentity, is impractical and mischievous. The child conjectures just as truly, and produces to the full as successful a result, when it conjectures that the appearance of faces and hands and feet which it sees indicate a number of persons like itself, as when it conjectures from previous experience that fire will burn, or that sugar is sweet. It could just as little dispense with one of these classes of knowledge as with the other. And we will add, what the Professor has not added, that this duality of knowledge continues equally after the child has grown up. If it is necessary to us to know the properties of gold and silver, of iron and coal, it is also necessary to us to know a good deal of the temperament and disposition of our neighbours. Had we not this last kind of knowledge we should be perpetually quarrelling, we should be utterly unable to combine; all social pleasure, all social organization, would be impossible. And if our knowledge of nature is progressive, so also is our knowledge of man. He would be a bold person who should deny that we know more of our fellow-creatures now than did our barbarian ancestors, to whom a language different from their own formed an impassable barrier, or even than did the men of five centuries ago, when the scanty range which every man's neighbourhood afforded him was not supplemented either by extensive travel or by books. It is one of the commonest observations, that a much more various knowledge of human character is displayed in modern literature than in ancient; and what is this but to say that our knowledge of man has continually been growing and developing?

It will not have escaped the reader that these first and third stages of inquiry in the Comtian system, which Comte absurdly called the Theological and Positive stages respectively, are but another form of the common antithesis between matter and mind, between physical and spiritual being. Professor Huxley chooses to call them respectively the anthropomorphic and physical views of nature, nor do we quarrel with his phraseology. But what is to be said of the second, or, as Comte called it, the metaphysical stage, the stage in which nature is explained in accordance with abstract notions? That we will come to directly, but meanwhile we have one other remark to make as to the contrast between the first and third stages. It may be asked with surprise, Is there really nothing more in this distinction of Comte's than the common distinction between persons and things? Is it nothing more than a trite platitude and truism? It is something more, and this is what it is more. There can be no doubt that it is the common tendency among rude and uncultivated people to press the anthropomorphic way of looking at things into regions where it cannot apply. What is the cause of this tendency may be doubted, but the fact is certain. Genii, fairies, demons, river-gods, water-spirits, are the agencies which the uneducated invoke as explaining the causes of natural phenomena. And even among the educated, in certain subjects, this tendency is not obscurely present; the personal will of intelligent beings, the personal will, at times, of the Supreme Being, is looked upon as an ultimate cause, barring the way to all further questions, a kind of hard fixed point which prohibits the approach of reason. It was perfectly just in Comte to point out this usurpation of anthropomorphism; or rather, as we should say, this false conception of anthropomorphism, of what the spiritual nature really is; it was just in him to reclaim for science provinces which would never have been denied to it except under the influence of a superstitious fear. But it is one thing to refuse to accept this conception of personal will as a single inexplicable cause, a bar to reasonable inquiry; another, and quite a different thing, to refuse all cognizance to the human mind and spirit, as a real and most important element in the things which are presented to our knowledge. And this was what Comte did. And indeed, even in the sense in which Comte's theory is true, it is only of partial, and not of universal, truth; it is a protest against a particular form of error, but that error is one which, in many subjects, is escaped altogether. As Professor Huxley remarks, a child "does not imagine that the taste of sugar is brought about by a god of

sweetness, or that a spirit of jumping causes a ball to bound." The Positive stage, in such cases as these, is reached at once without any erroneous theological wanderings.

But now what is to be said of the metaphysical stage? Here is Professor Huxley's account of the matter:—

In the progress of the species from savagery to advanced civilization anthropomorphism grows into theology, while physicism (if I may so call it) develops into a science; but the development of the two is contemporaneous, not successive. For each there long exists an assured province which is not invaded by the other, while between the two lies a debatable land—ruled by a sort of bastards, which owe their complexion to physicism and their substance to anthropomorphism, and are M. Comte's particular aversions—metaphysical entities.

And he goes on to say that in the progress of time "the borders of physicism increase, the territories of the bastards are all annexed to science, and even theology, in her purer forms, has ceased to be anthropomorphic." Here we think Professor Huxley has struck the true key-note defining the position of metaphysics, while yet we do not agree with the remarks we quoted last. His description of metaphysics, as a sort of bastards which owe their complexion to physicism and their substance to anthropomorphism, is most felicitous; but we do not agree with him that any metaphysical topic, properly so called, has ever been annexed to science. Take the Cartesian philosophy, with its *cogito, ergo sum*; take the Kantian, with its debates respecting God, freedom, immortality; the Hegelian, with its Becoming, Being, and Not Being; how have the questions here suggested ever been won over to the domain of physicism? It is true that in many sciences there has been in former times a great amount of bad reasoning employed, which is now discredited, and which many people choose to call by the title metaphysical. Such, for instance, in astronomy, was the reason once given for the supposed fact of the heavenly bodies moving in circles, that the circle was the perfect figure. But it is manifest that here we have a simple piece of bad reasoning that has been abolished, which is a very different thing from a real metaphysical subject brought over into the realm of science. Our account of the matter is this. As time advances, physics does not increase singly and solely; but physics and anthropomorphism grow up and develop side by side. As physics develops in the different sciences, so anthropomorphism develops in poetry, painting, music, history, religion. Meanwhile, just as anthropomorphism encroaches on the domain of science, and fairies and demons are brought in as causes of material phenomena, so the scientific spirit encroaches on the domain of anthropomorphism, and it is attempted to represent our inner and inmost being, the Ego, as part of a scientific scheme. And this encroachment of the scientific spirit on the domain of anthropomorphism is what is called metaphysics. Metaphysics, as it appears to us, will be eternally unsuccessful; while yet we are far from thinking that it will be or is barren, but the contrary. For though this great duality of human endeavour, the poetical and religious spirit on the one side, the scientific spirit on the other side, will never become a unity, yet the two branches of the duality are connected by innumerable ties, and everything that tends to strengthen those ties is good. And though it is essentially a mistake to attempt to reduce to form and line what can only be caught by feeling and emotion, which is the mistake of the metaphysician, yet this is a mistake that is often only the excess of a virtue. There are minglings of science in the study of man; there are minglings of man in the study of nature.

And if any one is surprised, as no doubt some will be surprised, at the account we have given of metaphysics, as the invasion of the scientific spirit into regions which do not really belong to it, we will add the following by way of explanation. The scientific spirit was first manifested, not in those regions which most indisputably belong to it, but on the confines and extremities of its proper realm; not in the clear solid fact, but in the obscure boundaries into which all fact fades. This was the result of the natural ambition of man, which strives to be all-comprehensive, at the cost of losing that over which it can exercise a sure command. Hence the ancient metaphysics, and not less the modern metaphysics, is an impulse of the true scientific spirit, not of the poetical or religious spirit; but it is the scientific spirit exercising itself in a territory where the only victories hitherto have been those of feeling and emotion, of the poet, the painter, the historian, or, in one word, of the anthropomorphist.

THE TROUBLE OF THINKING.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is reported to have said the other day, in a Charge delivered to his clergy, that he wished newspapers were written without leading articles, as they only saved people the trouble of thinking. We hope the learned Archdeacon would allow some exceptions to his rule, or he must desire—sad as it is to have to record such a wish—that the *Saturday Review* should cease to exist altogether. But, apart from the extreme consequences of so rigidly literal an interpretation, the remark itself is a suggestive one, though a High Churchman and a very high Tory is hardly the person from whom we should have expected to hear it. It is at least a common charge against the upholders of lofty claims, whether of religious or political authority, that they are anxious to spare people the trouble of thinking rather than to encourage an exercise so likely, as experience proves, to result in their thinking wrongly. It is supposed that "the right divine" of kings and priests is designed to supersede the necessity for any such dangerous action of individual caprice. Thinking with the

Church was a favourite phrase of Ignatius Loyola, and he certainly did not mean that the Church should leave people to think for themselves. It has been often observed, again, of the Jesuit system of education, which once exercised so controlling an influence over the mind of Catholic Europe, that it is admirably constructed to teach people how to think within a prescribed circle of ideas, and to prevent their having any thoughts beyond it; in other words, to crush individuality, and to train adroit special pleaders. We do not forget, however, that the Archdeacon of Taunton, if he is a Tory, and what the *Record* calls a sacerdotalist in principle, is something of a democrat in practice. He has at all events a good deal of the making of a successful demagogue in him, and a popular orator, whatever be his professed creed, can never forget that there are other sources of authority—in the old sense of the Latin term—besides those which rest on official position, and the sanctions of civil or canon law. The Archdeacon is desirous, no doubt, that others should think as he does, but he is content to trust in large measure to his powers of persuasion in getting them to do so; and the adverse influence of that veritable "autocrat of the breakfast table," the daily paper, may often be a serious impediment to his success. It is, however, with the speech, rather than with the speaker, that we are here concerned. We propose to inquire how far it is true that newspapers save people the trouble of thinking for themselves, and whether they do a service or a disservice to the public in so far as they discharge this function of vicarious judgment.

Our first observation will perhaps be regarded as a paradox, though it might more justly be objected to as a truism. We feel sure that the overwhelming majority of mankind, even in this enlightened age—say, ninety out of every hundred, to keep within moderate limits—do not dream of really thinking for themselves at all, and would not do so any the more if they never saw a leading article from one year's end to the other. To begin with, very few women ever think on subjects of public interest, except in the Ignatian sense of "thinking with the Church"; that is, they passively adopt the views put before them by some authority they rely upon, whether of their husbands or their pet preacher, or—to take Archdeacon Denison's instance—their pet newspaper. As a rule, however, the newspaper, if they care to read any, is chosen in accordance with their previous views, and would be instantly discarded if it attempted to correct them. There are probably, for instance, many High-Church ladies who have been indebted for their weekly budget of information and instruction on public affairs to the interesting and unimpeachably cautious columns of the *Guardian*; but we should like to know how many of them have substituted *John Bull* during the last twelve months, since their trusted oracle has been so sadly heterodox about that shocking Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Church. It is not the *litera scripta*, but "the living voice," to which women naturally turn for guidance. They like, as George Eliot once said, "to have their science done by Faraday"—in the rare event of their wanting any science done at all—"and their religion by the superior clergy." There are exceptions of course to this, as to all other rules. We do not forget Miss Martineau and Miss Cobbe. And we are quite aware that, in that Paradisaic state of society to which Mr. Mill is looking forward, we shall have a plentiful crop of fair politicians who will form an independent judgment on all sorts of subjects, from direct taxation and the laws of bankruptcy to the development of species and the evidences of theism. We only say that that happy day is still looming in the future. So far most critics, at least of the male gender, will agree with us. But we must add that the number of men who think for themselves, though it is larger than the number of women, is very much smaller than is commonly assumed. Yet there is this difference. Every man in the upper or middle classes is expected to have some opinion on the leading questions of the day—social, political, or religious—and to be ready on occasion to express it. And consequently most men do, with more or less ardour and consistency, profess some opinion on these topics, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that these opinions are, in nine cases out of ten, their own in any other sense than that in which their coats and boots are their own. They have procured and put them on, and perhaps learnt to wear them gracefully, but they no more made them for themselves than they made the articles their tailor and bootmaker have supplied them with. A large number of men adopt the opinions, especially in politics, which their fathers held before them, and some, in whom the antagonistic predominate over the imitative instincts, adopt the contrary opinions to those in which they have been brought up, precisely because they are the contrary. Wealthy men, or men who have become wealthy, are pretty sure to be Conservatives, from a general sense of the greater security of a strong Government and a dread of revolution. Many men simply drift, without effort or resistance, into the current opinions of the society they are mostly thrown with, especially in religious questions, while the views of many are practically determined by some personal feeling of sympathy or dislike. There was a curious paper published last year in *Good Words*, called "An Afternoon at St. Alban's, Holborn," which seemed to show how much the individual popularity of some of the "Ritualist" clergy had to do with recruiting the ranks of their disciples among the poor. And the same principle holds good in a wider field. It is commonly said that Catholics go by authority, and Protestants by private judgment. The real distinction is, that Catholics profess to rest their belief on authority, while Protestants, as a rule, do so without professing

it. They acquiesce in the faith of their childhood, or of their country, or of their immediate surroundings, because they lack time or opportunity, or sufficient interest in the subject, to question it. But that is no more an exercise of private judgment than a languid acquiescence in the infallibility of the Pope. We are far from saying that the opinions, political or religious, acquired in this haphazard sort of way, may not be honestly and even enthusiastically entertained, for the strength of a conviction is quite independent of the logical or illogical process by which it has been originally acquired. All that is here asserted is that in nine cases out of ten the opinions have not been excoagitated, but arrived at by some different road.

These are but a few illustrations of the ways in which most men shirk the trouble and responsibility of thinking, often without admitting it to themselves. We have not yet noticed the particular hindrances to independent thought on which Archdeacon Denison is so severe, and for this reason. People very seldom trust to a newspaper for their principles, though they may be guided by it as to the detailed application of the principles. Men are not converted by the *Standard* or *Daily Telegraph* to Toryism or Liberalism, but select their political organ according to their inherited or adopted creed. No doubt within these limits a paper or periodical does do a good deal of the thinking for the party it represents, but it cannot go beyond them. A defence of Mr. Gladstone's policy in the *Quarterly*, or of Mr. Disraeli's in the *Edinburgh*, or—to take a different example—a vindication of the Apostolic Succession in the *Record*, or an attack upon it in the *Guardian*, would not influence the habitual readers of those journals, but simply disgust them, from its obvious incongruity. It is not the kind of thing they expect to find there. Still, within the recognised circle of ideas a party organ does exert considerable influence on those it appeals to, and so far saves them the trouble of thinking out their conclusions for themselves. It gives them their cue, so to speak, as to how the questions of the day are to be dealt with. And, of course, it may give them the wrong cue. But before we decide that newspaper or review articles—for they fall under the same category—should be tabooed as an incumbrance to independent thought, it is important to inquire whether thinking would become more general without them. We suspect not. People do not refrain from thinking because they read the *Times*, but they accept its verdict on many points because they do not care, or are unable, to form any opinion of their own. If they had no *Times* to read, they would still get their opinions from some external source, whenever it was necessary to profess to have an opinion. On the other hand, those who do care to think for themselves do so in spite of the newspapers. It is perfectly true that a great number of foolish and erroneous, sometimes very mischievous, notions are fostered by the periodical press, but the same might be said of the pulpit and the platform. And unless we are prepared on that account to put down "the liberty of prophesying" with the lips, we cannot in consistency condemn the liberty of the pen. The religious world would probably be a gainer if the leading articles were cut out of the *Record* and the *Rock*, but it would be a much greater gain if Mr. Murphy could be put to silence. When a party is bound together on a narrow and intolent basis, the party organs are pretty sure to intensify the mischief, and it is possible the party itself might fall to pieces sooner if there were no periodical stimulants to sustain its corporate vitality of bitterness. One can only desire in such cases that the guidance should pass into better hands, for guidance of some sort or other there must be. Put it as you will, the great majority of mankind are incapable, either from circumstances or mental build, of thinking for themselves. They are too dull, or too ignorant, or too busy, or too apathetic, or too prejudiced. And therefore, as a matter of fact, they are sure, consciously or unconsciously, to devolve the duty on somebody else. In the classical age the State thought for them, supplemented in some countries by the great orators; in mediæval Europe the Church thought for them; in the Renaissance period the leading scholars moulded educated opinion; in our own day journalism has attained to a hitherto unprecedented power, and may almost be said to have become a profession. To denounce leading articles because they save people the trouble of thinking is much as if an Athenian should have proposed to abolish the Pnyx, or a Christian of St. Bernard's day to close the pulpits. It is more to the purpose to urge that those who have so powerful an engine in their hands should recognise their responsibility in the use of it.

There is another aspect of the question which we cannot do more than cursorily touch upon here. Is it desirable, as the Archdeacon seems to imply, that every one should be left to his own unassisted thinking? There are of course many matters of personal conduct on which a man ought to form the best judgment he can for his own guidance, but these are not points on which newspapers are likely to obtrude their advice. And those who abdicate their responsibility do so rather from suffering themselves to become mere creatures of habit or inclination than from surrendering their judgment to others, whether wiser or more unwise than themselves. The question is whether it would be better for everybody to try to form an independent opinion of his own on such matters of public interest as we have referred to, without any further assistance from others than a jurymen would derive from hearing the deposition of the witnesses. In the abstract it seems as if that would be the natural course, but in the actual world the attempt, if it were made, would be an absurdity. Few men comparatively, even among the educated

classes, have leisure to give more than a passing notice to questions, however interesting and important, that have no direct bearing on their ordinary vocations; and many of those who have leisure are wholly destitute of the judicial faculty requisite for pronouncing a really impartial judgment on the evidence when it is before them. It must be added that, where this faculty is most prominently developed, it is not usually accompanied by high practical abilities. Thought and action may go together in individual cases, but generally they exist apart. There are many of whom it would not be too much to say, in sober earnest, that for them thinking is indeed "an idle waste of thought." Society itself, and the various sections into which it is divided, have, and always must have, their men of action and their men of thought, and the former must be content, to a great extent, to be guided by the latter. A great orator, for instance, is seldom a great thinker. The cautious temperament and habit of balancing evidence which are necessary for the one, are almost incompatible with the fire and energy of the other. Doubt, which paralyses action, is of the essence of thought. The rough work, whether of the world or the Church, has to be done by men of strong convictions, and strong convictions are much oftener accepted than reasoned out. At all events the reasoning must be over before the conclusion can be acted upon. And it is more important that the conclusion should be right than that the agent should have discovered it for himself.

FLIRTING.

THERE are certain things which can never be accurately described—things so shadowy, so fitful, so dependent on the mood of the moment, both in the audience and the actor, that analysis and representation are equally at fault. And flirting is one of them. What is flirting? Who can define or determine? It is more serious than talking nonsense, and not so serious as making love; it is not chaff, and it is not feeling; it means something more than indifference, and yet something less than affection; it binds no one, it commits no one, it only raises expectations in the individual, and sets society on the look-out for results; it is a plaything in the hands of the experienced, but a deadly weapon against the breast of the unwary; and it is a thing so vague, so protean, that the most accurate measurer of moral values would be puzzled to say where it exactly ends and where serious intentions begin. But again we ask, what is flirting? what constitutes its essence? what makes the difference between it and chaff on the one hand, and it and love-making on the other? Has it a cumulative power, and, according to the old saying of many a little making a mickle, does a long series of small flirtings make up a concrete whole of love? or is it like an unmortared heap of bricks, possibilities of utility if conditions were changed, but valueless as things are? The man who would be able to reduce flirting to a definite science, who could analyse its elements and codify its laws, would be doing infinite service to his generation; but we fear that this would be as difficult as finding the pot of gold under the end of a rainbow, or catching small birds with a pinch of salt. Every one has his or her own ideas of what constitutes flirting; consequently every one judges of that pleasant exercise according to individual temperament and experience. Faded flowers, who see impropriety in everything they are no longer able to enjoy, say, with more or less severity, that Henry and Angelina are flirting if they are laughing and whispering in an alcove together, probably at the most innocent nonsense in the world; but the fact that they are enjoying themselves in their own way, albeit a silly one, is enough for the faded flower to think they are after mischief, flirting being to her mind about the worst bit of mischief that fallen humanity can perpetrate. The watchful mother, intent on chances, says that dancing together oftener than is necessary for good breeding and just the amount of attention demanded by circumstances, is flirting; timid girls newly out, and not yet used to the odd ways of men, think they are being flirted with outrageously if their partner fires off the meekest little compliment at them, or looks at them more tenderly than he would look at a cabbage; but bolder spirits of both sexes think nothing worthy of the name which does not include a few questionable familiarities, and an equivocal or two, more or less "risky." With some, flirting is nothing but the passing fun of the moment; with others, it is the first lesson in the great unopened book, and means the beginning of the end; with some, it is not even angling with intent; with others, it is deep-sea fishing with a broad, boldly-made net, and taking all fish that come in as good for sport if not for food.

Flirts are of many kinds, as well as of all degrees. There are quiet flirts and demonstrative flirts; flirts of the subtle sort whose practice is made by the eyes alone, by the manner, by the tender little sigh, by the bend of the head, and the wave of the hand, to give pathos and point to the otherwise harmless word; and flirts of the open and rampant kind, who go up quite boldly towards the point, but who never reach it, taking care to draw back in time before they really cross the border. This is the kind which, as the flirt male, does incalculable damage to the poor little fluttering doves to whom it is as a bird of prey, handsome, bold, and cruel; but this is the kind which has unlimited success, using as it does that immense moral leverage we call "tantaling," for ever rousing hopes and exciting expectations, and luring on as an *ignis fatuus* lures one on across the marsh, in the vain belief that it will bring us to our haven at last. Then there is the race of male flirts great in the way in which they manage to insinuate things without com-

mitting themselves to positive statements. They generally contrive to give the impression of some mysterious hindrance by which they are held back from full and frank confession. They hint at fatal bonds, at unfortunate attachments, at a past that has burnt them up or withered them up, at any rate that has prevented their future from blossoming in the direction in which they would fain have had it blossom and bear fruit. They sketch out very vaguely the outlines of some thrilling romance; a few, of the Byronic breed, add the suspicion of some dark and melancholy crime as a further enhancement; and when they have got the girl's pity and the love that is akin to pity, then they cool down scientifically, never creating any scandal, never making any rupture, never coming to a moment when awkward explanations can be asked, but cooling nevertheless, till the thing drops of its own accord, dies out from inanition, and they are free to carry their sorrows and their mysteries elsewhere. Some men spend their lives in this kind of thing, and find their pleasure in making all the nice women they know madly or sentimentally in love with them; and if by chance any poor moth who has burned her wings makes too loud an outcry, the tables are turned against her dexterously, and she is held up to public pity—contempt would be a better word—as one who has suffered herself to love too well and by no means wisely, and who has run after a Lothario who would not let himself be caught. Then there are certain men who flirt only with married women, and others who flirt only with girls; and the two pastimes are as different as tropical sunlight and our northern moonshine; and there are some who are “brothers,” and some who are “fathers” to their young friends—suspicious fathers on the whole, not unlike Little Red Ridinghood's grandmother the wolf, with perilously bright eyes, and not a little danger to Red Ridinghood in the relationship, how delightful soever it may be to the wolf. Some are content with cousinship only—which, however, breaks down quite sufficient fences—and some are “dearest friends,” no more, and find that an exceedingly useful centre from which to work onward and outward. For, if anything will do on which to hang a discourse, so will any relationship or adoption serve the ends of flirting, if it be so willed.

But what is flirting? Is sitting away in corners, talking in low voices, and looking personally affronted if any unlucky outsider comes within earshot, flirting? Not necessarily. It is just possible that Henry may be telling Angelina all about his admiration for her sister Grace, or Angelina may be confessing to Henry what Charley said to her last night, which makes her lower her eyes as she is doing now, and play with the fringe of her fan so nervously. May be, if not likely. So that sitting away in corners and whispering together is not necessarily flirting, though it may look like it. Is dancing all the “round” dances together? This goes for decided flirting in the code of the ball-room. But if the two keep well together? If they are really fond of dancing, as one of the fine arts combining science and enjoyment, they would dance with each other all night, though outside the “marble halls” they might be deadly enemies—Montagus and Capulets, with no echo of Romeo and Juliet to soften their mutual dislike. So that not even dancing together oftener than is absolutely necessary is unmistakable evidence, any more than sitting away in corners, seeing that equal skill and keeping well in step are reasons enough for perpetual partnership, making all idea of flirtation unnecessary. In fact, there is no outward sign or symbol of flirting which may not be mistaken and turned round, because flirting is so entirely in the intention, and not in the mere formula, that it becomes a kind of phantasm, a proteus, impossible to seize or to depict with accuracy. One thing, however, we can say—that taking gifts and attentions, offered with evident design and accepted with tacit understanding, may be certainly held as constituting an important element of flirting. But this is flirting on the woman's side. And here you are being continually taken in. Your flirt of the cunningly simple kind, who smiles so sweetly and seems so flatteringly glad to see you when you come, who takes all your presents and acted expressions of love with the most bewitching gratitude and effusion, even she, so simple as she seems to be, slips the thread and will not be caught if she does not wish to be caught. At the decisive moment when you think you have secured her, she makes a bound and is away; then turns round, looks you in the face, and with many a tear and pretty asseveration will declare she never understood you to mean what you say you have meant all along; and that you are cruel to dispel her dream of a pleasant and harmless friendship, and very wicked indeed because you press her for a decision. Yes, you are cruel, because you have believed her honest; cruel, because you did not see through the veil of flattery and insincerity in which she clothed her selfishness; cruel, because she was false. That is woman's logic when brought to book, and forced to confess that her pretended love was only flirting, and that she led you on to your destruction simply because it pleased her vanity to make you her victim. Then there are flirts of the open and rollicking kind, who let you go far, very far indeed, when suddenly they pull up and assume an offended air, as if you had wilfully transgressed known and absolute boundaries—girls and women who lead you on, all in the way of good fellowship, to knock you over when you have got just far enough to lose your balance. That is their form of the art. They like to see how far they can make a man forget himself, and how much stronger their own delusive enticements are than prudence, experience, and common sense. And there are flirts of the artful and “still waters” kind, something like the male flirts spoken of just

now; sentimental little pussies—perhaps pretty young wives with uncomfortable husbands—whose griefs have by no means soured or scorched, but just mellowed and refined, them. Or they may be of the sisterly class, creatures so very frank, so very sisterly and confiding and unsuspicious of evil, that really you scarcely know how to deal with them at all. And there are flirts of the scientific kind; women who have studied the art thoroughly, and with the grave attention due to an art; and who are adepts in the use of every weapon known—using each according to circumstances and the nature of the victim, and using each with deadly precision. From such may a kind Providence deliver us! As the tender mercies of the wicked, so are the scientific flirts—the women and the men who play at bowls with human hearts, for simply the stakes of a whole life's happiness.

It used to be an old schoolboy maxim that no real gentleman could be refused by a lady, because no gentleman could presume beyond his line of encouragement. *A fortiori*, no lady would or could give more encouragement than she meant. What are we to say then of our flirts if this maxim is true? Are they really “no gentlemen” and “no ladies,” according to the famous formula of the kitchen? Perhaps it would be said so if gentlehood meant now, as it meant centuries ago, the real worth and virtue of humanity. For flirting with intent is a cruel, a false, and a heartless amusement; and time was when cruelty and falsehood were essentially sins that vitiated all claims to gentlehood. And yet the world would be very dull without that innocent kind of nonsense which often goes by the name of flirting—that pleasant something which is more than mere acquaintanceship and less than formal loverhood—that bright and animated intercourse which makes the hours pass so easily, yet which leaves no bitter pang of self-reproach, that indefinite and undefinable interest by which the one man or the one woman becomes a kind of microcosm for the time, the epitome of all that is pleasant and of all that is lovely. The only caution to be observed is, not to go too far.

HISTORY IN THE LATE DEBATE.

A DEBATE in the House of Lords has this advantage over a debate in the House of Commons, that the peers have not constituencies which they have to talk Bunkum to in order to please. A peer therefore who has nothing to say can, if he pleases, hold his tongue and save himself from being ridiculous. This advantage evidently told in the great debate on the Irish Church. In the debates in the Commons we know too well who spoke and what they said. In the Lords it would seem that no one spoke except those who honestly thought they had something to say, and that of those who so thought the greater number were not very far wrong in so thinking. Mr. Charley and Sir George Jenkinson were therefore not reproduced in full in the Upper House. Several of the speeches made, Lord Harrowby's for instance, were weak enough in all conscience; but we can hardly say that any one speech was, like several speeches in the Commons, simple nonsense from one end to the other. Yet more than one peer, in particular parts of his speech, ran Mr. Charley very hard. There was the Duke of Rutland, and there was one from whom we should have looked for better things, the Bishop of Lichfield. And Lord Derby himself, in the parts of his speech in which he unluckily took on himself to grapple with past history, may be added to the list. Of the three the Duke of Rutland certainly comes the nearest to the honours of a *Charleyismus*; still, “unwise” as his speech may be, there is an air of innocence about it which marks the difference between a speech made under an honest conviction of duty and a speech made under an official necessity of roaring. The Duke of Rutland deserves respect as a man who has, before now, withstood the impulses both of his own party and of the nation at large, when he held that his own party and the nation at large were led astray. But it cannot be denied that his present speech is far from bearing the stamp of absolute wisdom. We pass over conventional platitudes about the Coronation Oath, the Act of Union, and how wrong it is to take away property which has been held so long as three hundred years. But we feel sure that, when the Duke was uttering this kind of stuff, he honestly believed that it was not stuff at all. When he goes on to say that there are things in the realm with which “the State has nothing to do,” when he goes on to talk about “the property of God,” as if the earth were not the Lord's nor the fulness thereof, we can only send him to learn Law and Gospel of the Bishop of St. David's. For our part we pass on to the Duke's astounding discoveries in chronology. The Duke tells us it is not the Protestant but the Roman Catholic Church which is the badge of conquest in Ireland. To prove this we have the old talk about Henry the Second, who, according to the Duke of Rutland, conquered Ireland in 1171 at the instance of Pope Hadrian the Fourth. Unless therefore the Duke does great injustice to his own meaning, he fancies that Hadrian the Fourth was alive in 1171. He then says, with the modest simplicity of one who is not much used to reckon up years and centuries, “It was conquered at the instance of the Pope of Rome, and for two centuries, I think, after that time it was under the Pope of Rome, but during those two centuries it was not more happy or more content.” Then, somewhat abruptly, it being doubtless much easier to ask questions than to answer them, the Duke turns round and asks, “If the Established Church is to be destroyed in Ireland, what is to be put up instead of it?” But

we want to know about the two centuries; it was for two centuries, and seemingly only for two centuries, so the Duke of Rutland thinks, that Ireland was under the Pope of Rome. The two centuries begin in 1171, so that, according to the Duke of Rutland, it was in 1371 that Ireland ceased to be under the Pope of Rome. The year 1371 is therefore, no doubt, in the Duke of Rutland's eyes, the year of the Reformation, and the date has, to say the least, the merit of novelty. We can only guess that the Duke had heard something about Wickliffe being the Morning Star of the Reformation, and something about Wickliffe living somewhere about the year 1371, so that a mind not much used to chronology might pardonably think that the Reformation must have happened in one of the years during which its Morning Star was shining. But, before we come to this, we have another piece of chronology yet more puzzling. The Duke tells us that "for one thousand years after the commencement of the Christian era, Ireland had nothing to do with the Roman Catholic Church." Nothing can be more true, for no one whose mind was not utterly confused about all ecclesiastical matters would think of applying the words "Roman Catholic Church" to anything that existed during the first thousand years after the Christian era. But the way in which the Duke of Rutland proves his point is odd. He goes on to tell us:—

In a sermon preached by the Bishop of Lincoln I find this extract from Wordsworth's History of the Irish Church:—"Laurentius, another missionary from Rome, succeeded Augustine in England. He wrote a letter which may be found in Bede's History, in which he describes the nature of his own reception first from the ecclesiastics of Britain, and next from those of Ireland."

The Duke does not tell us whether the Bishop of Lincoln and the historian of the Irish Church are one and the same person; but it is plain that the Duke does his ecclesiastical history at third hand, getting at his Bede through Wordsworth's History of the Irish Church, and at Wordsworth's History of the Irish Church through the Bishop of Lincoln's sermon. He also evidently thinks that Augustine and Laurentius had something to do with the Roman Catholic Church, and he seemingly thinks that they both lived one thousand years after the commencement of the Christian era. Let us then draw up a little chronological table according to the ideas of the Duke of Rutland:—

Conversion of England	A.D.
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The Reformation	1171
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To a mind so great at historical discovery we would suggest the study of a small piece of local antiquity. Will the Duke of Rutland go home and find out for us the exact year when the small district from which he takes his title first became an independent shire?

But we have higher game than the Duke of Rutland to fly at. What are we to say to the historical researches of Lord Derby himself? Lord Derby, it seems, does not study history for himself, but he has friends who send him quotations, and he actually, so he tells us, "takes the trouble to verify" them, from which we suppose that Lord Derby finds the work of verification both unusual and exhausting. Lord Derby reads to the House what he calls "some very remarkable passages from a very early page of our history." The extent of Lord Derby's research is shown when these very early pages of our history are found to be so modern as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is perhaps some worldly wisdom in this; a Conservative student may perhaps find it convenient to begin his studies with the retrograde times of the House of Lancaster, and to leave out the days of that immemorial freedom which ages before the fifteenth and since the sixteenth century have devoted themselves to recover. Now what do these two wonderful passages, of which Lord Derby speaks as if they were perfect novelties, prove to be? The first is no other than the well-known petition of the Commons to Henry the Fourth praying for a general confiscation of Church property, and the King's refusal to consent to it. Pity that Lord Derby's study of fifteenth-century history did not go on a little further, or that his friend who keeps him in quotations was not a little more bountiful in his supply. What if they had gone on to the year 144, the year which supplies the most exact parallel to the Act of 1869? Did Lord Derby and his friend ever hear of the Suppression of the Alien Priors? Under the reign of one of the most pious of Kings, through the agency of one of the most bountiful of Princes, a class of ecclesiastical foundations which experience had proved to be useless and dangerous were suppressed by Act of Parliament, and their property lawfully and justly confiscated. That is to say, the supreme authority then exercised those inherent powers which it had already exercised to the like purpose in the eleventh century, and which it is again exercising in the nineteenth. Surely the act of such a Prince as Chicheley, of such a King as Henry the Fifth, affords a precedent of which even Lord Harrowby and Lord Redesdale need not be ashamed. And the fifteenth century agreed with the nineteenth and differed from the sixteenth in this. The property of the Alien Priors was not squandered and gambled away like the property of the monasteries which were suppressed under Henry the Eighth. Very little of it came into private hands. Most of it was applied to the great foundations of the century at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Windsor. And Lord Derby's second "remarkable passage" is just as little to the purpose. It is that famous letter of Archbishop Whitgift to Queen Elizabeth, in which he prays her to cease from her aggressions on Church property, and warns her to beware of the sin

of sacrilege. Some of the expressions used by Whitgift might not exactly meet with the approval of Bishop Thirlwall, but his prayer and his warning are on the whole sound and to the purpose. But why? Because the acts against which he warned his sovereign were acts of a widely different kind from the regular suppressions of the days of Henry the Fifth and of Victoria. Whitgift had to contend against real breaches of the Coronation Oath, against acts of real sacrilege, against the unlawful perversion of ecclesiastical property to private purposes. He lived in an age when the Queen eked out her revenue by keeping bishoprics void for years that she might receive the profits, in an age when courtiers mended their fortunes by cajoling or bullying bishops into unjust and often illegal alienations and leases of their lands. These doings were distinct breaches, always of moral right, often of positive law; they were those very violations of the rights of the churches of the realm from which the sovereign was bound by her coronation oath to abstain. Against these irregular acts of fraud, robbery, and sacrilege, done almost wholly for the sordid ends of private persons, Whitgift manfully protested; but how this protest bears on a regular Act of the Legislature, lawfully passed with a view to the public good, we must learn to see with Lord Derby's spectacles before we can hope to understand.

Nor is Lord Derby any more lucky in his encounter with the great prelate against whom he was rash enough to measure himself. With almost offensive condescension, he talks about the "able speech" of the Bishop of St. David's, but he seems not to have thought it so able but that he himself might answer it. The encounter of a Derby and a Thirlwall is indeed amusing. It is grotesque enough to see the mere Rupert of debate rushing blindly to an encounter with that serene intellect which prejudice or passion never for a moment warped or ruffled. It is grotesque enough to see a man who gets up his history from information sent to him that morning venturing to match himself against that almost boundless knowledge to which the past and the present lie familiar as an open book. Lord Derby, who discusses the deeds of St. Ambrose on the strength of information sent to him that morning, tells us that the case—in plain English, the case of St. Ambrose—"is thus stated" by Tertullian in his Apology to the Christians of the second century. One might perhaps think that Tertullian belonged at least as much to the third century as to the second, but at all events it would be amazing if Tertullian in the second or third century could have stated the case of St. Ambrose and Valentinian the Second towards the end of the fourth. But difficulties of this sort seem to stand as nothing in way of the chronological defenders of the Irish Church. Lord Derby ventures to say that Bishop Thirlwall "omitted to carry out his comparison to the full extent." The charge of omission is perfectly captious, but Lord Derby himself or his informant of that morning certainly contrived to omit the main point of the comparison which they made themselves. St. Ambrose refused to give up any of the churches of Milan or their property to the Emperor and his mother, but Lord Derby leaves out the fact that they were demanded to be applied to the worship of the Arian heretics. Lord Derby is himself, if we mistake not, owner or trustee or possessor of some kind of a large chapel on the north side of Manchester Cathedral. If Lord Derby were bidden at the mere word of a prince to give up that chapel of his own act for any purpose which he thought heretical, we do not doubt that he would return as spirited an answer as St. Ambrose did. So, we do not doubt, like Abbot Whiting, would Bishop Thirlwall do in the like case. St. Ambrose refused to be personally guilty of a breach of trust. How the story bears on the Parliamentary treatment of the Irish Church we are quite unable to see. But at all events Lord Derby should be careful how he brings charges of omission against such a man as Bishop Thirlwall while he is himself making the greatest of all omissions in his own story.

Last of all we come to one whom we are sincerely sorry to find in such company, the Bishop of Lichfield. We should not have thought that it was absolutely necessary for a Bishop to be funny on such a subject as the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, but if he must be funny he might at least give us better jokes than this:—"On this bench, and a bench of still greater importance in the Lower House, business is carried on by a firm trading under the title of Henry VIII. and Co." But the main passage of which we complain in the Bishop's speech is as follows:—

On the subject of disestablishment, the reason why I object to this Bill is because I watched carefully all the reasons assigned in favour of it, and I cannot see any validity in them whatever. Now, the reasons are, first, that the Established Church in Ireland is a badge of slavery. Now, my lords, I do not know anything in England which is not a badge of slavery, except the National Anthem. Our institutions in Parliament and our trial by jury are badges of Saxon conquest, while the Norman-French embodied in our language is a badge of Norman conquest. In a lower range of life, as Scott informs us, beef and mutton are a sign of Norman conquest, while sheep and oxen are a badge of Saxon conquest. A noble lord the other night made a graceful allusion to the ladies, thus establishing a precedent which I will take leave to follow. The ladies of the present day have happily given up that practice of their great-grandmothers which reminded us of our affinity to the Picts. In the same way the Princess of Wales is a badge of slavery. We know that her ancestors overran a great part of England of which she has conquered the whole. How puerile, therefore, is it that a quick-witted nation like the Irish, except for reasons especially applicable to themselves, should feel in any way degraded by that which, if rightly managed, would be simply a benefit to them. But the fact is that the slavery or conquest of Ireland, if we may so call it, was the act entirely of the Pope.

This sort of talk may be fairly left to speak for itself. We dare say it is just as funny as the joke about the firm of Henry the

mitting themselves to positive statements. They generally contrive to give the impression of some mysterious hindrance by which they are held back from full and frank confession. They hint at fatal bonds, at unfortunate attachments, at a past that has burnt them up or withered them up, at any rate that has prevented their future from blossoming in the direction in which they would fain have had it blossom and bear fruit. They sketch out very vaguely the outlines of some thrilling romance; a few, of the Byronic breed, add the suspicion of some dark and melancholy crime as a further enhancement; and when they have got the girl's pity and the love that is akin to pity, then they cool down scientifically, never creating any scandal, never making any rupture, never coming to a moment when awkward explanations can be asked, but cooling nevertheless, till the thing drops of its own accord, dies out from inanition, and they are free to carry their sorrows and their mysteries elsewhere. Some men spend their lives in this kind of thing, and find their pleasure in making all the nice women they know madly or sentimentally in love with them; and if by chance any poor moth who has burned her wings makes too loud an outcry, the tables are turned against her dexterously, and she is held up to public pity—contempt would be a better word—as one who has suffered herself to love too well and by no means wisely, and who has run after a Lothario who would not let himself be caught. Then there are certain men who flirt only with married women, and others who flirt only with girls; and the two pastimes are as different as tropical sunlight and our northern moonshine; and there are some who are “brothers,” and some who are “fathers” to their young friends—suspicious fathers on the whole, not unlike Little Red Ridinghood's grandmother the wolf, with perilously bright eyes, and not a little danger to Red Ridinghood in the relationship, how delightful soever it may be to the wolf. Some are content with cousinship only—which, however, breaks down quite sufficient fences—and some are “dearest friends,” no more, and find that an exceedingly useful centre from which to work onward and outward. For, if anything will do on which to hang a discourse, so will any relationship or adoption serve the ends of flirting, if it be so willed.

But what is flirting? Is sitting away in corners, talking in low voices, and looking personally affronted if any unlucky outsider comes within earshot, flirting? Not necessarily. It is just possible that Henry may be telling Angelina all about his admiration for her sister Grace, or Angelina may be confessing to Henry what Charley said to her last night, which makes her lower her eyes as she is doing now, and play with the fringe of her fan so nervously. May be, if not likely. So that sitting away in corners and whispering together is not necessarily flirting, though it may look like it. Is dancing all the “round” dances together? This goes for decided flirting in the code of the ball-room. But if the two keep well together? If they are really fond of dancing, as one of the fine arts combining science and enjoyment, they would dance with each other all night, though outside the “marble halls” they might be deadly enemies—Montagus and Capulets, with no echo of Romeo and Juliet to soften their mutual dislike. So that not even dancing together oftener than is absolutely necessary is unmistakable evidence, any more than sitting away in corners, seeing that equal skill and keeping well in step are reasons enough for perpetual partnership, making all idea of flirtation unnecessary. In fact, there is no outward sign or symbol of flirting which may not be mistaken and turned round, because flirting is so entirely in the intention, and not in the mere formula, that it becomes a kind of phantasm, a proteus, impossible to seize or to depict with accuracy. One thing, however, we can say—that taking gifts and attentions, offered with evident design and accepted with tacit understanding, may be certainly held as constituting an important element of flirting. But this is flirting on the woman's side. And here you are being continually taken in. Your flirt of the cunningly simple kind, who smiles so sweetly and seems so flatteringly glad to see you when you come, who takes all your presents and acted expressions of love with the most bewitching gratitude and effusion, even she, so simple as she seems to be, slips the thread and will not be caught if she does not wish to be caught. At the decisive moment when you think you have secured her, she makes a bound and is away; then turns round, looks you in the face, and with many a tear and pretty asseveration will declare she never understood you to mean what you say you have meant all along; and that you are cruel to dispel her dream of a pleasant and harmless friendship, and very wicked indeed because you press her for a decision. Yes, you are cruel, because you have believed her honest; cruel, because you did not see through the veil of flattery and insincerity in which she clothed her selfishness; cruel, because she was false. That is woman's logic when brought to book, and forced to confess that her pretended love was only flirting, and that she led you on to your destruction simply because it pleased her vanity to make you her victim. Then there are flirts of the open and rollicking kind, who let you go far, very far indeed, when suddenly they pull up and assume an offended air, as if you had wilfully transgressed known and absolute boundaries—girls and women who lead you on, all in the way of good fellowship, to knock you over when you have got just far enough to lose your balance. That is their form of the art. They like to see how far they can make a man forget himself, and how much stronger their own delusive enticements are than prudence, experience, and common sense. And there are flirts of the artful and “still waters” kind, something like the male flirts spoken of just

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The Reformation	1371

To a mind so great at historical discovery we would suggest the study of a small piece of local antiquity. Will the Duke of Rutland go home and find out for us the exact year when the small district from which he takes his title first became an independent shire?

But we have higher game than the Duke of Rutland to fly at. What are we to say to the historical researches of Lord Derby himself? Lord Derby, it seems, does not study history for himself, but he has friends who send him quotations, and he actually, so he tells us, "takes the trouble to verify" them, from which we suppose that Lord Derby finds the work of verification both unusual and exhausting. Lord Derby reads to the House what he calls "some very remarkable passages from a very early page of our history." The extent of Lord Derby's research is shown when these very early pages of our history are found to be so modern as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is perhaps some worldly wisdom in this; a Conservative student may perhaps find it convenient to begin his studies with the retrograde times of the House of Lancaster, and to leave out the days of that immemorial freedom which ages before the fifteenth and since the sixteenth century have devoted themselves to recover. Now what do these two wonderful passages, of which Lord Derby speaks as if they were perfect novelties, prove to be? The first is no other than the well-known petition of the Commons to Henry the Fourth praying for a general confiscation of Church property, and the King's refusal to consent to it. Pity that Lord Derby's study of fifteenth-century history did not go on a little further, or that his friend who keeps him in quotations was not a little more bountiful in his supply. What if they had gone on to the year 1414, the year which supplies the most exact parallel to the Act of 1869? Did Lord Derby and his friend ever hear of the Suppression of the Alien Priors? Under the reign of one of the most pious of Kings, through the agency of one of the most bountiful of Princes, a class of ecclesiastical foundations which experience had proved to be useless and dangerous were suppressed by Act of Parliament, and their property lawfully and justly confiscated. That is to say, the supreme authority then exercised those inherent powers which it had already exercised to the like purpose in the eleventh century, and which it is again exercising in the nineteenth. Surely the act of such a Prince as Chicheley, of such a King as Henry the Fifth, affords a precedent of which even Lord Harrowby and Lord Redesdale need not be ashamed. And the fifteenth century agreed with the nineteenth and differed from the sixteenth in this. The property of the Alien Priors was not squandered and gambled away like the property of the monasteries which were suppressed under Henry the Eighth. Very little of it came into private hands. Most of it was applied to the great foundations of the century at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Windsor. And Lord Derby's second "remarkable passage" is just as little to the purpose. It is that famous letter of Archbishop Whitgift to Queen Elizabeth, in which he prays her to cease from her aggressions on Church property, and warns her to beware of the sin

of sacrilege. Some of the expressions used by Whitgift might not exactly meet with the approval of Bishop Thirlwall, but his prayer and his warning are on the whole sound and to the purpose. But why? Because the acts against which he warned his sovereign were acts of a widely different kind from the regular suppressions of the days of Henry the Fifth and of Victoria. Whitgift had to contend against real breaches of the Coronation Oath, against acts of real sacrilege, against the unlawful perversion of ecclesiastical property to private purposes. He lived in an age when the Queen eked out her revenue by keeping bishoprics void for years that she might receive the profits, in an age when courtiers mended their fortunes by cajoling or bullying bishops into unjust and often illegal alienations and leases of their lands. These doings were distinct breaches, always of moral right, often of positive law; they were those very violations of the rights of the churches of the realm from which the sovereign was bound by her coronation oath to abstain. Against these irregular acts of fraud, robbery, and sacrilege, done almost wholly for the sordid ends of private persons, Whitgift manfully protested; but how this protest bears on a regular Act of the Legislature, lawfully passed with a view to the public good, we must learn to see with Lord Derby's spectacles before we can hope to understand.

Nor is Lord Derby any more lucky in his encounter with the great prelate against whom he was rash enough to measure himself. With almost offensive condescension, he talks about the "able speech" of the Bishop of St. David's, but he seems not to have thought it so able but that he himself might answer it. The encounter of a Derby and a Thirlwall is indeed amusing. It is grotesque enough to see the mere Rupert of debate rushing blindly to an encounter with that serene intellect which prejudice or passion never for a moment warped or ruffled. It is grotesque enough to see a man who gets up his history from information sent to him that morning venturing to match himself against that almost boundless knowledge to which the past and the present lie familiar as an open book. Lord Derby, who discusses the deeds of St. Ambrose on the strength of information sent to him that morning, tells us that the case—in plain English, the case of St. Ambrose—"is thus stated" by Tertullian in his Apology to the Christians of the second century. One might perhaps think that Tertullian belonged at least as much to the third century as to the second, but at all events it would be amazing if Tertullian in the second or third century could have stated the case of St. Ambrose and Valentinian the Second towards the end of the fourth. But difficulties of this sort seem to stand as nothing in way of the chronological defenders of the Irish Church. Lord Derby ventures to say that Bishop Thirlwall "omitted to carry out his comparison to the full extent." The charge of omission is perfectly captious, but Lord Derby himself or his informant of that morning certainly contrived to omit the main point of the comparison which they made themselves. St. Ambrose refused to give up any of the churches of Milan or their property to the Emperor and his mother, but Lord Derby leaves out the fact that they were demanded to be applied to the worship of the Arian heretics. Lord Derby is himself, if we mistake not, owner or trustee or possessor of some kind of a large chapel on the north side of Manchester Cathedral. If Lord Derby were bidden at the mere word of a prince to give up that chapel of his own act for any purpose which he thought heretical, we do not doubt that he would return as spirited an answer as St. Ambrose did. So, we do not doubt, like Abbot Whiting, would Bishop Thirlwall do in the like case. St. Ambrose refused to be personally guilty of a breach of trust. How the story bears on the Parliamentary treatment of the Irish Church we are quite unable to see. But at all events Lord Derby should be careful how he brings charges of omission against such a man as Bishop Thirlwall while he is himself making the greatest of all omissions in his own story.

Last of all we come to one whom we are sincerely sorry to find in such company, the Bishop of Lichfield. We should not have thought that it was absolutely necessary for a Bishop to be funny on such a subject as the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, but if he must be funny he might at least give us better jokes than this:—"On this bench, and a bench of still greater importance in the Lower House, business is carried on by a firm trading under the title of Henry VIII. and Co." But the main passage of which we complain in the Bishop's speech is as follows:—

On the subject of disestablishment, the reason why I object to this Bill is because I watched carefully all the reasons assigned in favour of it, and I cannot see any validity in them whatever. Now, the reasons are, first, that the Established Church in Ireland is a badge of slavery. Now, my lords, I do not know anything in England which is not a badge of slavery, except the National Anthem. Our institutions in Parliament and our trial by jury are badges of Saxon conquest, while the Norman-French embodied in our language is a badge of Norman conquest. In a lower range of life, as Scott informs us, beef and mutton are a sign of Norman conquest, while sheep and oxen are a badge of Saxon conquest. A noble lord the other night made a graceful allusion to the ladies, thus establishing a precedent which I will take leave to follow. The ladies of the present day have happily given up that practice of their great-grandmothers which reminded us of our affinity to the Picts. In the same way the Princess of Wales is a badge of slavery. We know that her ancestors overran a great part of England of which she has conquered the whole. How puerile, therefore, is it that a quick-witted nation like the Irish, except for reasons especially applicable to themselves, should feel in any way degraded by that which, if rightly managed, would be simply a benefit to them. But the fact is that the slavery or conquest of Ireland, if we may so call it, was the act entirely of the Pope.

This sort of talk may be fairly left to speak for itself. We dare say it is just as funny as the joke about the firm of Henry the

Eighth and Co., but neither the former nor the latter joke seems to us to be particularly good. But, at any rate, the Bishop seems to know that there are pages of our history earlier even than those very early pages which were dwelt upon by Lord Derby. Yet the way in which he deals with them is certainly queer. We were a good deal puzzled to know how any of our old institutions could be said to be badges of slavery and conquest. At last, after deep thought, we felt sure that the disputed wares of Messrs. Pike and Nicholas must have fallen *in transitu* into the hands of the Bishop of Lichfield, that the Bishop has taken up the part of an aggrieved Welshman, and that he looks on every Englishman he meets as either a renegade brother or an intruding oppressor. And to think of the old story about the beef and mutton, which we have no doubt is to be found somewhere or other among the compilations of Mr. Timbs, being hashed up again in the House of Lords for the ten thousandth time. At all events it would seem that the Bishop looks on Parliaments and Trial by Jury in their present shape as what are vulgarly called "Saxon" institutions, and it is clear that, as Lord Derby gets up his ecclesiastical history from information which he receives that morning, so the Bishop of Lichfield gets up his Danish history from the epithalamium of the Poet-Laureate. If the sins of Hubba or Swegen were to be avenged on their children to the twentieth generation, it could not harm a hair of a princess of the House of Oldenburg.

One word more. There was some queer talk in the course of the debate about the Queen's Supremacy, and some noble and learned lords still seem to dream about some supremacy in the Queen different from the supremacy of the law. But it is something gained that, after the discomfiture of Dr. Ball and Mr. Disraeli, no noble and learned lord has ventured to say a word about the Sovereign being the supreme Head of the Church.

A PEACE-FESTIVAL.

THERE has been a "great musical peace-festival" at Boston. General Grant has been exhibited, although the fountains of his speech do not seem to have been opened to an appreciable extent. Mr. Thornton has been in attendance, by way of suggesting to reflective persons that England and America are still in a state of decent official friendship. Everything has been done that the Bostonian imagination could suggest towards a due celebration of the occasion. There has been a prayer by a reverend gentleman, and speechmaking by various honourable persons; and a chorus has been raised by a band of a thousand performers, and "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty" has been sung, with discharges of artillery keeping time to the music; and a hundred members of the Boston fire department have joined in with blows upon a hundred anvils; and, in short, a very great noise has been made, by a very great number of people, in honour of the "restoration of peace and union throughout the land." It would be very easy to criticize the performance, of which unfortunately we have not yet received full reports, in any style that might be desired. We might take the cynical view of the case, and point out, what is only too evident, that Americans are still deficient in proper æsthetic faculties; that they labour under a permanent confusion of ideas as to mere bigness and real impressiveness of sounds and sights, and fancy that they can make up for any shortcomings in harmony by firing off enough guns and hammering upon a proper number of anvils. Or we might, with equal ease, dilate upon the excellent sentiment which is latent at the bottom of all these absurdities, and point out that, if people must be vulgar and noisy, it is just as well that their noise and vulgarity should be ostensibly in honour of peace instead of war; and that, however little they may be disposed to carry their preaching into practice, it is a step gained that they should recognise distinctly that it is, on the whole, better that men should occupy themselves with making bad speeches about brotherly affection than with encouraging each other to blow their neighbours into small atoms. To say the truth, there is a certain *naïveté* about the proceedings which almost disarms us of a natural propensity to laugh. The simplicity of the performance almost neutralizes its vulgarity. When people endeavour to enhance the effect of music by firing off a large number of cannon, they show a certain freshness which is not without its charm. It is doubtless very absurd; but we don't feel quite certain that the British shopkeeper is not restrained from similar proceedings rather by his want of audacity than by his good taste. If that enterprising body, the Crystal Palace Company, were to get up a similar demonstration, there would certainly be more people to laugh at it; but there would be a numerous band of reporters ready to declare that so impressive a performance had never taken place in this or any other civilized country. We do not laugh at children because there is a strange mixture of the natural and the artificial in their way of testifying exhilaration; and perhaps our American friends may excuse themselves for their absurdity under the plea, which covers so many sins, that theirs is a new country.

The demonstration, however, if that is the proper word, may induce us to reflect upon some curious characteristics of modern sentiment. We cannot help speculating with a certain interest upon the part which Mr. Thornton had to play in the performance. What particular kind of nonsense can he have talked, for he was bound to talk some kind of nonsense, to the assembled multitudes? With the fact of Mr. Beverdy Johnson before his eyes, he would be hopelessly cut off from the pleasant common-

places about Shakspeare and Washington, and the common language, and the absolute identity of the populations on opposite sides of the ocean. General observations on the advantages of peace would be dangerous, for they would be liable to the misinterpretation that England was willing to pay four hundred million of pounds sterling for the chance of that inestimable boon. An oration on the opposite tack, proving that regard for national honour was at times preferable even to the maintenance of friendly relations, would be liable to an equally awkward gloss of the opposite kind. We do not know what he said, nor, indeed, whether he said anything in public, but perhaps it is not so difficult to imagine what an intelligent gentleman in his position would naturally have thought. An ambassador, to modify the old definition, is no longer a man sent abroad to tell lies, but to hold his tongue, for the good of his country; and Mr. Thornton is likely to be quite sensible of the advantages of reticence; but, otherwise, he might perhaps be inclined to indulge in a little preaching somewhat to this effect.

You, he might say, are firing off cannon, and striking anvils, and shouting at the tops of innumerable voices, in honour of peace and union. It is, to say the least, a very natural sentiment. When a nation has run up a huge debt, and provided itself with an inconvertible currency, and lost no one can say how many lives, and generated a vast amount of corruption, and laid a large part of the country waste for years, in pursuit of an idea, it may think that the results are worth the expenditure, but it must be very glad that it is not obliged to spend any more. There cannot well be a more rational subject of congratulation than the fact that millions of money are no longer being spent in promoting slaughter on a gigantic scale, and that the nation may rest from its toils and recover from its losses. Whether the mode of celebration is in the best possible taste may admit of a doubt; but there can be no doubt that there is excellent cause for satisfaction. Only we cannot help feeling that some sort of machinery might be set to work for a very different purpose. The object might be to get up the steam for future hostilities instead of rejoicing over the pacification of old quarrels. There are just as many commonplaces ready to hand. Orators would find excellent matter for peroration in the Pilgrim Fathers, the iniquities of George III. and Lord North, the tea thrown into Boston Harbour, the heights of Bunker's Hill, the battle of New Orleans, the destruction of American commerce by British pirates, the sympathy of an effete aristocracy with a nation of slaveholders, and all the rest of it; and the interstices of eloquence might be filled up with appeals to national honour, the superiority of sentiment to material considerations, and the manifest destiny of the great American people. The cannon might roar and the anvils ring every whit as appropriately to emphasize one set of considerations as the other. Nor would there be of necessity any inconsistency. The older Abolitionists favoured secession, and denounced war. The most eloquent of their poets exclaimed in the vernacular that,

As for war, I call that murder,
There you have it, plain and flat;
I don't want to go no further
Than my Testament for that.

After a time the Abolitionists discovered—and we need not argue that they were wrong—that war might be converted into a crusade against slavery, and might rouse the nation from an unhealthy slumber. It became plain to them that the Union sentiment might be enlisted on their side instead of being a great obstacle in their way. They took advantage of the weapon which circumstances had put into their hands, and carried out their principles at the point of the bayonet, instead of advocating peace at any price. Without blaming them for a moment, it is impossible not to see that a similar change may take place in the feelings which are now uppermost. The sentiment which is really at the bottom of all this peace celebration is not the love of peace at any price, but the sense of patriotic pride. You are rejoicing because the peace which has been won at a heavy price has resulted in the firmer welding together of the American people. Unless some change takes place beyond the powers of human foresight, secession can never again be threatened on the same grounds. The strength of the South has been utterly crushed. The slaveholding party has been ruined, root and branch. The North has established the superiority due to its enormous natural resources. You are rejoicing, and no one can deny that from your point of view the rejoicing is amply justified. But if at any future time it should appear that the nation might be still more strongly united, not by peace, but by war, that a patriotic spirit might be roused by fighting England instead of conquering the South, what would be the popular oratory on Boston Common? The advantages of peace would shrink into the background, and a very different style of eloquence would gain the upper hand. We might witness a great musical celebration in which the Union would be invoked to a very different purpose; and we need not doubt that there would be quite as loud a noise, though the British Minister might not be invited to honour you with his presence. The question therefore naturally occurs whether foreign Powers are likely to be affected with quite so strong a sense of pleasure as the native partakers of the festivity. To answer it satisfactorily, we should have to plunge into a very wide discussion indeed. Is the advance of democracy more favourable to peace or to war? When a small clique of high-spirited persons could decide upon national policy, they were apt, it may be, to be crotchety and unreasonable, and to boggle unnecessarily

upon trifling points of honour. Now that great masses have to be taken into council, we have to take into account the new force of what we may call popular oratory, not to stigmatize it by the unpleasant name of Buncombe. It is difficult to suppose that a huge crowd of uneducated people will not be as impulsive and as unreasonable as their leaders. They will be as easily deluded by a few commonplaces as their former rulers were by trifling quibbles and the influence of petty personal interests. When a Peace Conference met at Geneva a year or two ago, they agreed upon the desirableness of universal peace, after all outstanding quarrels should have been settled by thoroughly fighting them out. Peace in the abstract, it may be admitted, will always have charms for the masses; but we may also doubt whether they will not always have a preliminary difficulty or two to get out of the way before opening the expected millennium. Indeed, if the question were only to be between the instincts of a selfish aristocracy and a thoroughly ignorant mob, it would be very difficult to strike the balance. War would be waged for different motives according to the prejudices of the governing class, but in one way or the other it would be equally likely to have charms for somebody. There is only one comfort to be found in the prospect—namely, that war carried on by democracies is likely to turn upon more vital points, because it must enlist the sympathies and touch the interests of a greater number of people. Its advocates will have to prove that at least it will gratify the prejudices, if it does not increase the prosperity, of whole nations, instead of comparatively small classes. Whether it will be entered into more cautiously on that account, must depend on the more perplexing question of the degree of intelligence to which the general mass of the people have been raised. Huge festivities, such as the Boston celebration, so far as they show anything beyond the delight of a great crowd in hearing discharges of artillery and performances on anvils, show that a large number of persons are sufficiently educated to have a certain national pride; whether they are capable of taking a sensible view of national interests is a very different problem, the solution of which would require a very different set of facts for its satisfactory solution.

PARLIAMENTARY DISORDER.

READERS of the debates in the House of Lords last week were not more astonished at the eloquence of the speeches than at the uproariousness of the demonstrations of the audience. We are surprised and shocked at this disturbance of the gravity, and we had almost said the dulness, which the House habitually maintains, and we cannot express the amazement with which we learn that "a very distinguished and eminent member of the Church of England," who was apparently not a member of the House, placed himself on the steps of the Throne, and cheered or groaned as he liked or disliked the speeches. There surely must be something contagious in the character of the subject under discussion which seems to possess sober Englishmen with more than Irish excitability. It is to be hoped that there will not be many more debates upon this question, either in Parliament or elsewhere; for, if there are, it will become necessary to provide funds for the enlargement of lunatic asylums, not only in Ireland, but in England. The House of Lords during the debate on the Irish Church appears to have resembled a bear-garden rather than a deliberative assembly, and one cannot help wondering that a body which is supposed to be aristocratic and exclusive should be more tolerant of popular effervescence than another body which directly represents the people. We should like to see a "very distinguished and eminent member of the Church of England" being permitted to be present at a debate in the House of Commons, and taking upon himself to cheer and groan at passages of the speeches.

When we read that the speech of Lord Cairns evoked "enthusiastic applause in the Strangers' Gallery," we are moved to ask whether the admirers of Lord Cairns desire to introduce the extravagance of revolutionary France into sober England. If strangers are permitted to applaud, they will next attempt to interfere in the debates, and advice will be given to the House, which although impertinent might not be unprofitable, that there be less talking and more despatch of business. The disestablishment of a Church was made in France, as it has been made in England, the occasion of a disturbance of Parliamentary decorum; but there was this difference, that in France the disturbers were the enemies of the Church, whereas in England they pretend to be her friends. We have all read Mr. Carlyle's description of the visit which the spoilers of Parisian churches paid to the hall of the National Convention. An address was sung, while Danton, who was not particular about trifles, gloomily demanded prose and decency, and the singers, not untouched with liquor, craved permission to dance the carmagnole, whereto an exhilarated Convention could not but accede, and several members took the hands of girls flaunting in priests' vestures and danced the carmagnole along with them. We do not of course mean to say that anything like this occurred in the House of Lords during the debate on the Irish Church, and indeed the Protestant Association, although it has been prolific of poetry, is not likely to be great at dancing. We read that the married daughters of peers usurped places which properly belonged to peeresses and their unmarried daughters, but in other respects the conduct of the ladies present at the debate was orderly, and they do not seem to have followed the example of eminent and distinguished Churchmen in emitting sounds indicative of approval or censure during the

speeches. There is, of course, an immeasurable difference between peeresses and the married daughters of peers on the one hand, and, on the other, the wet, hungry women of Paris, whom Mr. Carlyle has described as penetrating into the Constituent Assembly at Versailles, to the interruption of public speaking and the order of the day. "Bread," said they, "and not so much discoursing." They were supplied with bread, and also with sausages and wine, and sat and refreshed themselves on benches and in galleries while the Assembly proceeded with discussion of the Penal Code. It was then only five months since those galleries were filled with high-plumed, jewelled beauty at the first meeting of the States-General, and now, in the course of regenerating France, they had come to be occupied by dripping, dirty market-women. The Constituent Assembly had from its first meeting allowed spectators in its galleries to applaud, and even to hiss. Seeking, as it did, the support of the people against the Court, it had not only allowed, but even encouraged, applause; and now it found that it had raised a power which it could not control. The history of legislative Assemblies in France teaches a lesson which ought not to be disregarded in England, and we hope that Protestants in the gallery of the House of Lords will not, in their zeal for the Church, forget the Constitution. If they desire to applaud Lord Cairns, they can hold one more public meeting, and invite Lord Cairns to attend it, and he can come if he feels disposed.

It clearly appears, however, that members of the House of Lords are much more disorderly than the strangers who are admitted to its galleries. Indeed the Lord Chancellor has not power to enforce order, and the House is not disposed to give it to him; for although the present Lord Chancellor would not be likely to exercise that power capriciously or disagreeably, the House remembers some of his predecessors under whose authority it would expect to feel particularly uncomfortable. If the House is to have a master, it would prefer to have one of its own choosing, instead of having one chosen for it by the Government; but the House appears to think that it does not want a master at all. The ordinary state of things is that one Cabinet Minister makes a speech, while two other Cabinet Ministers converse in voices rather louder than the speech. This is the way of conducting business which, as a noble duke says, is of some importance, but not of such general interest as to induce silence. Of course, when a great debate is held, the leading orators of the House are heard with sustained attention, and silence is only broken by the cheers and groans of some enthusiastic interloper who ought to be turned out. It may be confidently asserted, too, that silence is maintained whenever Lord Cairns asks Lord Granville a question about a speech or letter of Mr. Bright's. But in general it is difficult or impossible for an assembly, with or without a president, to be persuaded to keep silence when either the matter or the manner of a speech which is being addressed to it is unattractive. The task of restraining conversation sufficiently to allow of business being transacted is sometimes almost too great for a judge sitting in a court of law. Indeed an Irish judge has been urged, by the impossibility of hearing a single word that any witness says, to exclaim that any gentlemen who want to talk in court had better go outside. We cannot help feeling, however, that this unruly character of all assemblies is much more of a blessing than a curse. Suppose that it were possible to enforce absolute silence in the Houses of Parliament, what awful places they would be! The souls of members would be bound under an unmitigated tyranny of boredom. Indeed, there are other places where one is sometimes tempted to wish that it were possible to resort to some of the Parliamentary contrivances for intimating to a speaker that he is tedious. It was the custom of the Puritans to express their satisfaction with a sermon by a deep hum. We do not know whether it was their custom to express dissatisfaction by any other sound, but probably the assertion of the usual token of approval was sufficient to warn a preacher to conclude. Unfortunately, if modern congregations possessed any means of signifying their desire for relief, the wish could not ordinarily be granted, for a reader of a written sermon cannot always trust himself to shorten it, and to conclude abruptly is hardly decent. So the discourse proceeds to its destined end, and no hearer, however weary, would think of going out of church before it is finished, and it is even thought improper to look furtively at a watch.

Talking in courts of law is a great nuisance, but the growing custom of applauding verdicts will become, if it is not checked, an intolerable abuse. Yet there have been judges who seemed to play to the galleries in their summing-up, and whose threat of committing the first person who was caught in the act of cheering did not sound very formidable. These demonstrations ought to be firmly restrained alike in Parliament and the Courts. It is doubtless pleasant to be cheered, but those who cheer one speaker will hoot another, and thus the beginning would be made in England of a practice which in France was carried so far that at last the galleries became more potent than the body of the House. It is true that our House of Peers is inaccessible to those classes whom Lord Taunton describes as "fishwomen and others," and "a very distinguished and eminent member of the Church," who is frantic with horror at disestablishment, can hardly be designated a revolutionist. But nevertheless we cannot help expressing Danton's wish for decency. There is always likely in our Parliament to be a sufficient quantity of prose.

THE MISSIONARY DOG IN THE MANGER.

IT appears from the Report of the London Missionary Society for 1869 that the Independents have lately had a wonderful success in Madagascar. The external world already knew, from the admirable book of their missionary, Mr. Ellis, something of the history of this mission. It deserves to be spoken of with ungrudging praise; the story of its conduct, its persecutions, its martyrs, its first winning of tolerance from the sovereign power, recalls the history of early and mediæval missions in Europe. The edifice has now been crowned by the conversion of the Queen of Madagascar herself. There is nothing so dear to your Puritan as a noble or a sovereign; and the gentlemen at home who are of the same persuasion as Mr. Ellis are crying jubilantly, "Hear, O Earth! There is now a sovereign in this world who is a genuine Congregationalist!" Whether the opponents of the establishment of the Church in England are expecting the establishment of Independency in Madagascar does not yet appear. They may be; for it seems that what is good in England is bad in Madagascar, and what is bad here is good there, as they are now declaring very energetically, both from the platform and in the newspapers. It is true that there are still many thousands of heathens in Madagascar; but with the history of mediæval missions before our eyes we know that the conversion of the people, in a half-barbarous nation, is comparatively easy work after the conversion of the Sovereign and the Court. Madagascar may be said, therefore, at the present time to offer a full and fat manger for missionaries. There is not that trying need of education, thought, and solid wisdom which was wanted of old in Alexandria and Rome, and is so urgently wanted to-day in great part of India.

The Independent dog, having got into this good manger—let us grant by its own merits—is now assailed by a carnal fear lest other missionaries, not Independent, should be tempted to share it. It is true, as the Report says, that there are already "thirty Romanist priests in the capital." As we have not the Annals of the Propaganda by us, we cannot tell how many more there may be in the country. Nor can we tell what is their opinion of their own share in the Christianization of the people. But then it is of course easy to dispose of their presence and their work, before a missionary audience at Exeter Hall, by simply ticketing them as ministers of Antichrist. The good dog Independent has, however, heard a preliminary bark from another quarter which is giving him extraordinary anxiety. A wicked proposition of some years ago has been revived. Some of the Directors of the S. P. G. have sent out a circular appealing for funds to support a bishop in the island, who is not to be a Roman Catholic bishop. "A Friend of Missions" has written to the *Daily News*, calling for "general public condemnation on a scheme so fraught with evil." But, to give the least glimpse into the frantic state of mind into which the whole Independent world at home has been worked up by this proposal, we must quote the Report of the London Missionary Society:—"The Protestant ministers, English and native, are firm in their adherence to the Bible alone as the appointed instructor and guide of the people. And it is because the preaching of vital truth has been so blessed that the Directors are anxious to prevent the introduction of all minor controversies. Therefore they cannot but consider that, in the absence of any number of converts in the Episcopal missions, the appointment of a bishop of the Church of England to Madagascar, promoted by one of these missions, is undesirable." "Loud and long-repeated cheers" stopped the reading of the Report, we are told, at this Independent ruling of the question how many priests and how many people an "Episcopal" mission may have before it is to be allowed to add an *Episcopus*. A bishop "is calculated," according to the Report, "to introduce confusion among the young converts, to hinder their spiritual progress, and to do them vital and lasting injury." These charitable sentiments were very naturally followed by "renewed cheering" from the congregated Independents. The Directors propose "a friendly conference" with the S. P. G., with a view to persuading them to "lay aside their scheme altogether." If we may be so rude, they will endure, it seems, the few whelps who have found their way into the Independent's manger—the priests, deacons, and people; but the big dog of a bishop, to ordain any more priests or deacons, to confirm the baptized converts, to rule and guide a mission which pretends to be "Episcopal," they cannot endure. In one word, the "Episcopal" mission may be in Madagascar, but it must not want to be permanent. The Report, however, gives but a mild expression to the indignation that is now burning in the Congregationalist world. Sweetness and light were brought in by a Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, who moved the first resolution upon the Report. This gentleman often wonders "that many bishops are so unlike the Apostle Paul, because he did not wish to enter upon other people's labours, but to go to places where he could plant Churches"; who also, Dr. Brown might have added, does not seem to have been very jealous when Apollos watered where he had planted. After describing Madagascar as the Paradise of Independency—for that is plainly the aspect in which it is viewed by those who believe that they have sole religious proprietorship over all its natives, converted or unconverted—he adds the sad reflection, "But there is no Paradise in this world of ours but what some Serpent is ready to start up and to interfere with the scene. I do not mean to say that a bishop is a serpent." "Laughter," we are told, followed this disclaimer. But why should Dr. Brown disclaim at all? The fathers of Independency were not so scrupulous; they called all bishops, as bishops, by far uglier names. The delicate-minded Penry, upon whom some

Independent ministers still lecture as an Independent martyr, called bishops "desperate and forlorn atheists," "castaways," "the dishonourablest beasts under heaven," and many other pretty epithets. The belief of his fathers—Dr. Brown should recollect—that a bishop was in himself something very like a serpent, was their prime excuse for interfering in the Anglican Madagascar.

Into the theological and ecclesiastical differences between the Independents and the proposed Bishop, which the Report so amiably and unexpectedly describes as "minor controversies," we cannot of course enter. But that they are differences great enough to convulse and rend a nation every Independent knows, and every Independent boasts—when he thinks it necessary. They are the differences which peopled New England when emigration was no easy undertaking. They are the differences which cost the early Quakers who dared to put foot into the Congregationalist preserve of New England their lives, or their property, or bloody scourgings upon their naked bodies. When the Independents of the present day have England instead of Madagascar under their eyes, they are not in the habit of calling these differences "minor." They did not wait long before supplying us with a very pretty instance.

The Independents, it must be known, have not only a foreign Missionary Society, but they also possess a "Home Missionary Society," which held its anniversary and read its Report in the same week as the other made its shriek about its Madagascar. What is the end of this H. M. S.? To convert England. But is not England a Madagascar already in the possession of the Church of England? The bishops of the Church of England converted and baptized all the kings and queens, and the people of the kingdoms speedily followed their sovereigns. The bigoted bishops, rectors, vicars, and curates now in possession put to the Independent home missionary the same case that the Independent Madagascar missionary in possession puts to the missionary bishop. "In the name of Christianity we protest"—we are using Dr. Brown's words to the proposed Bishop—"against such a man going and disturbing those churches when God is pouring out His blessing so marvellously upon them." Bishop, "you represent," says Mr. Charles Reed, M.P., the Chairman, "a Church hitherto little known amongst us." This is the sort of thing which the blind Anglican parish priests say to the Independent "home missionary." It appears, however, that Congregationalism has two sets of Christianity, two sets of morality. One is good for foreign use; it scolds those who attempt to go near its own manger. The other is kept for home use; it scolds those who protest against its entry into their manger. It is quite the wrong thing for a bishop to go into the big Madagascar parish of the Independents, even though he should confine himself to the conversion of those who are still heathens. It is, on the contrary, the right thing for a young Independent, with "a lust to be pulpit" (as Sir Thomas More says), to go into the parish of any Anglican rector, even though he should know there are no heathens in it, and should confine himself to inciting the parishioners to exchange church-going for meeting-going. Mr. Benjamin Scott, the City Chamberlain, thinks it a monstrous thing that the chief "difficulties put in the way of the Society's agents" come from the clergy. All the ministers of the Independent body appear to be struck with wonder that the parochial clergy do not assist their agents to preach against the doctrine of the Church, and send away their flocks from the parochial churches. Let them think of their own Madagascar. A simple English vicar imagines that the parish for which he has laboured year after year, baptizing, teaching, marrying, burying, visiting its sick and its whole night and day—and not merely talking for an hour or two in it every Sunday on some religious topic—is a Church of England parish, one of the Anglican Church's Madagascars. The vicar may be very intolerant; but if he is, the London Missionary Society is the same. The London Missionary Society may be in the right; if it is, we can scarcely declare the vicar to be in the wrong. The Independent who goes into the Anglican parish with a Bible under his arm may say that he goes to supply an element of truth which the vicar, if a true "Episcopalian," cannot supply. The bishop, it is at least just and honest to suppose—while he rejoices in all the good work done by the Independent in Madagascar, and honours it—may think that he has something to supply which the Independent, if faithful to pure Independency, cannot give, and would not if he could.

FARADAY MEMORIALS.

IT will soon be two years since the world lost the great Faraday, a man who has left such a mark on science, and whose work has aided the material progress of mankind to such an extent, that he is on all sides looked upon as an honour to the land which gave him birth, and a benefactor to the human race. It is not our present purpose to show how just is this appreciation of his great discoveries, or to give an account of them. Professor Tyndall in this country, and M. Dumas in France, have done this long ago, and in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired, either in point of feeling or philosophy. We have, in fact, reached a further stage. That Englishmen must honour themselves by founding memorials of Faraday was, of course, a feeling which found voice shortly after his lamented death; but we move slowly in such matters, and only during the last week have two separate movements with this object in view come fully before the public. To these movements, and to

several points connected with them, it is well that attention should be drawn.

We have, first, the Chemical Society's memorial of Faraday, which consists of a "Faraday Lectureship," an office tenable for a year by some foreign savant distinguished in chemistry, who is to come over to this country and make us acquainted with the inner minds of the workers in that science in other civilized countries. We regard this memorial as a very admirable one, and when we reflect upon the influence it will assuredly have in bringing the efforts of all European chemists to a focus, of making every step of progress a vantage-ground common to all, it will be obvious that one of the desires of its founders—namely, that they should do something in Faraday's name which he himself would have wished to see done—is amply fulfilled. Dr. Williamson has well stated another view which the Chemical Society have had in their minds in thus linking the development of human knowledge with the name of Faraday. It is that our arrangements for the advancement of science, admirable in many respects though they be, are yet wanting in others; one of them being that, although that advancement depends upon the store of ideas possessed by the workers, our scientific books and memoirs present us, as a rule, with facts alone; we have the dry bones—articulated it may be, but still the bones only—of a science, instead of the complete living form. There is none of the interest and life which appertains to the personal narrative of a discoverer, and we know nothing of those ideas at work in his mind which will in all probability lead to still further triumphs. Our Societies may sometimes give us this, but even then we have but the contact of minds similarly constituted and trained. The Faraday Lectureship carries us to a higher region; it gives an opportunity for the contact of minds of different nationalities and educations, and year by year will afford English chemists an opportunity of bringing up their ideas, as well as their work, to the standard of the foremost workers in another land.

This memorial is no longer a proposal; it is a fact. The first Faraday Lecture was delivered a few days ago in the Theatre of the Royal Institution, and it was a pleasant sight to see chemists from all parts of the three kingdoms gathered together to hear M. Dumas, the foremost chemist of France, both lecturer and audience being there to do honour to Faraday in the place where he had so often explained his brilliant discoveries. The first choice might well fall on M. Dumas, for other reasons besides his admirable qualifications for such a task and his high position as a brilliant discoverer; one of the reasons being that he and Faraday had been devoted friends for many years; another, that he, as Perpetual Secretary of the French Académie des Sciences, represented a learned body of which Faraday was always proud of being a member. It is not too much to say that the first Faraday Lecture will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear it. After the presentation of a medal by Dr. Williamson, specially struck in honour of M. Dumas' visit, M. Dumas, after a brief *éloge* of his friend, discussed the present condition of chemical science, evidently leaning towards the idea that in time many of the substances now called elements might be found to have a common basis, and, after limiting the term "organic substance" to those compounds which alone take part in the growth of organized beings, stating his doubts as to the success of attempts to build up such compounds artificially. These were points, among very many others to which we need not specially refer, raised by M. Dumas in his discourse, which fairly electrified his audience by their brilliancy and breadth of treatment. Another good feature of the Chemical Society's memorial may be dwelt on for a moment; we refer to the opportunity it gives, not only for the interchange of ideas, but for the interchange of good-will among the scientific workers of different lands. Surely such results must delight the shade of the great man whose intellect was but one part of his noble nature.

And now we come to the other memorial, the steps taken in furtherance of which we will state as nearly as may be in the words used by the Prince of Wales as chairman of the public meeting held last Monday, also in the theatre of the Royal Institution. Early in 1868 the Council of the Royal Society requested the President, as representing the Royal Society, to take measures for bringing forward a proposal for a memorial to Faraday, and the project was submitted to the following Societies, with a request that they would join in the endeavour to carry it out—the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, the Chemical Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, the Geological Society, the Linnean Society, the Royal Geographical Society, and the British Association. On the 24th of March, 1868, a meeting of the Presidents of these Societies was held, and it was thought desirable by them to learn the views of the Government in regard to the erection of a monument to Faraday. On the 27th of June Mr. Disraeli wrote to the effect that he considered the erection of a monument to Professor Faraday to be a proper object to which to devote public funds, but that, as the Estimates for the year had passed, any vote for the purpose must be deferred to the following year. On May 8, 1869, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, wrote that while fully concurring in the propriety of erecting a monument as proposed, he could not consent to the appropriation of public money for the erection of a monument to any private citizen, however illustrious; adding that he did not make the rule, but found it. On June 8 it was resolved that a public meeting should be held at the Royal Institution. This public meeting was held, as we have stated, last Monday, and it was resolved to erect a monument by public subscription,

and we do not doubt that any sum of money that may be required will soon be at the disposal of the Committee.

But this is not the point on which we need dwell. There is another much more important one raised by Mr. Lowe's reply. The whole question of the relations of the State to science comes up at once in its full force. It is well known that Faraday while living, in an interview, which he did not seek, with the then Prime Minister—the interview having reference to the grant of a pension to him, which also he did not seek—found his feelings so outraged by the Minister's conduct that he broke off the interview, and could not be induced to brave a second one till an ample written apology had been sent to him by the Minister. It has been well pointed out with regard to this occurrence, that it only shows how little English politicians know of England's greatest men. Surely there is no civilized country in the world in which power is so divorced from the higher order of intellect as it is in England. Of course one cannot for a moment wish that minds capable of better things should forsake their pursuits for politics; but we do maintain that the persistent manner in which the Government refuses to ally itself with science, the course which it adopts with regard to anything scientific which has not the imprimatur of Mr. Cole, C.B., is most unfortunate for the future advance of this country. Unless, in fact, it can be demonstrated that our material advance would not be assisted by a more vigorous and general investigation of physical science—and who would dare to affirm such a proposition?—the position of those who maintain that the progress of physical science should be the State's care is unassailable. But, further than this, who can doubt that the government of this country would be far better conducted were an infusion of men with scientific training possible among our administrators? No one can see the chaotic state of some of our public departments without having this thought brought strongly before him; for, in fact, administration is really a scientific question, and a man who has received a scientific training is more likely to grapple with it successfully than one who has not.

Mr. Lowe, however, in his incisive way, supplied us with a reason for not permitting such an intrusion. If the knowledge of Faraday had really been of any service to the State—in other words, if the State had been unwise enough to have aided or fostered science in any way, and in doing so had regarded the services of such a man as Faraday, and had paid him for those services—then the State would have rendered itself liable to erect a monument to him if it should so happen that he ever came to be looked upon as a public benefactor. Here surely is argument enough against politicians ever having anything to do, officially, with "England's greatest men." It might, for instance, have so happened that it became a question whether Mr. Faraday, Mr. Lowe, or Mr. Cole, C.B., was to have a public monument—taking both the latter gentlemen as model public servants, with the necessary qualification of receiving public pay at the rate of so many thousands per annum, paid quarterly in the regular manner. It may be that Mr. Lowe's decision in this case was strictly according to precedent, although he has already proved himself to be not always accurate in his statements where science is concerned; but we must ask, is such precedent to be a binding rule for all time? are the men who are most highly paid by the public to form in this matter a Mutual Admiration Society, to grant money for the erection of statues to each other, but without power to add to their number, even in those cases where service is rendered to the public without fee or reward? It is hardly necessary to remark that Mr. Lowe's strong statement of this principle was commented upon at the meeting to which we have referred. Professor Owen, after pointing out what Faraday had done for the State, asked the pregnant question what had the State done for Faraday, and then told how Faraday's declining years, instead of being the care of the nation which he had so largely benefited, were solaced by the private kindness of Her Majesty. Surely it is a parody on the modern idea of government to throw such a charge as this upon the personal income of the Sovereign, and even Mr. Lowe would, we should think, hardly deem it fitting that the public purse should be thus relieved from a burden. We do not believe that the public will endorse Mr. Lowe's decision in this matter. The time is, we trust, not distant when the public opinion of this country will see that the fact that a man like Faraday can remain poor in order to endow mankind with the fruits of his labour, and does so endow them without any State aid, is rather a reason for granting public honours to him in preference to the man who serves himself while he serves the State, and is handsomely paid for his services.

As to Faraday himself, what needs he

for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Is it yet too late to found a memorial in the shape, say, of a Faraday Scholarship at each of our Universities, or some such distinctive thing which, while it will aid the national progress, will sufficiently separate itself from the monuments of "piled stones" which, as we now learn, are erected by our paid public servants to men of their own order only? We need not fear reducing the number of our public monuments by adopting such a course, for Mr. Lowe will doubtless have his monument for the admirable and statesmanlike manner in which he has stood in the breach to protect the interests of the paid public service against the intrusion of a Faraday, coupled with his admirable represen-

tation of one of our chief scientific and intellectual institutions. We trust that Mr. Matthew Arnold will have the designing of the monument.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET-MATCH.

A SPECIAL interest attached to the University match this year, because out of thirty-four matches hitherto played sixteen had been won by Oxford and sixteen by Cambridge, the remaining two having been drawn. Since 1866 Cambridge, then somewhat behindhand, has been steadily making up its lost ground, and by its victory now has succeeded in passing its rival. That the result of the struggle this year would be in favour of the light blues seemed almost certain, if any reliance could be placed on the respective performances of the two Universities in their matches against the Marylebone Club and Ground. In those trial events Cambridge was successful both at Fenner's and at Lord's, while Oxford was decisively beaten in both matches. Cricket, however, is such an uncertain game that it is always dangerous to jump to conclusions based on public form. Every man plays cricket in his own way, and, moreover, very few men play two days alike. An Eleven in the field is a very different matter from an Eight in a boat. By discipline and constant practice the eight, if they are good for anything, are made to work with something like mechanical precision; but there is nothing mechanical in cricket. A professional bowler, indeed, reduces himself in time to something like a machine, and can pitch ball after ball almost on the same spot with unflinching accuracy; but with the majority of amateur bowlers bowling is a mere matter of chance. A captain of an Eleven, however good, must be a bold man if he expects his team to play to-day as they played yesterday. All he can reasonably hope is that, if one man does not come off, another will; that by some principle of compensation, if his best bat gets a duck's egg, and his best bowler cannot obtain a wicket, some less famous members of the Eleven may be raised up for the occasion to repair the fortunes of their side. The fact is that most of the operations of cricket require the exercise of independent judgment, and cannot be regulated by fixed laws. Every ball that is played, or fielded, or caught, must be judged separately on its own merits, and whether the player in each case will judge rightly or wrongly depends on the state of his eyes and his nerves and his stomach, on where he dined the night before, and on how much he drank after dinner. Add to this the allowances that must be made for the state of the ground, whether dry or moist, dead or lively, true or bumpy, and of the atmosphere, whether clear or hazy, and it will be seen how much need there is for discretion and discrimination on the part of each individual player. If we consider further that even the best players, when contending for the honour of their University under the eyes of thousands of watchful and observant critics, are unable to free themselves from a certain amount of nervousness, we shall begin to understand what a lottery a great cricket-match is. It will be conceded, we think, that very few men play up to their real form on these occasions; the majority are so impressed with their responsibility as to be quite unable to do themselves real justice. Some happy beings, not afflicted with nerves, will play as unconstrainedly as if they were at practice; but far more become for the nonce so completely the opposites of themselves, that their nearest friends would fail to recognise them. There goes in the steady man, who plays the game, and never takes liberties. What? is that he running out wildly at a long-hop, and being ignominiously stumped? There goes in the hard hitter, the dread of loose bowlers. Look how the field spreads out, and how anxiously long-off and long-on watch his movements. What? is that he playing back at half-volleys, and making feeble little pokes at balls off the wicket? Yonder is the surest field in the two Elevens; his hands are safe to hold the ball, if he gets a chance. Now it comes, straight towards him. A moment of suspense, while his partisans are preparing themselves for a hearty cheer; and, lo, he fumbles the ball, and it slips from his hands to his arms, and wriggles down to the ground, and he loses his presence of mind, and very likely kicks it further away instead of picking it up, and accommodates his opponents with an extra run. Such is the perversity of human nature that it triumphs when victory is little heeded, and fails when success is most eagerly coveted.

An Englishman, being an argumentative animal, is fond of inquiring, after a trial of strength between two or more parties has been decided, not why it was won, but why it was lost. After the Derby, when the first moments of enthusiasm are over, the winner is comparatively forgotten, and universal attention is directed to the second. The scribes take up their pens, the critics display their ingenuity, and a paper war rages for weeks as to why it was that, having got so near, the second horse could not get a little nearer still. Proceeding on the same principle, we will ask not why Cambridge won on Tuesday last, but why Oxford lost? In the first place, in point of physical strength, Oxford stood at great disadvantage as compared with Cambridge. Several of the dark blue Eleven were youths of slender and delicate frames, and played with a certain prettiness of style, so often associated with absence of muscular strength. We do not mean to say that, to be a good cricketer, a man must necessarily be six feet high, or be furnished with limbs and thews like those of Mr. Thornton or Mr. Absolom; but just as a good big horse is better than a good little horse, so a good big cricketer is better than a good little

one. In this respect Oxford was quite overmatched, for the Cambridge Eleven included more muscular and physically powerful men, capable of standing any amount of work without fatigue, than were ever in all probability ranged under the same banner before. In the next place, the Oxford men proved themselves totally unable to play slow underhand bowling. Now it is rather a humiliating thing to bowl what are called, in cricketer parlance, "lobs." They have fallen into total disuse in first-class matches, for, showing no skill on the part of the bowler, they are only useful against utter incapacity on the part of the batsman, and incapable batsmen are not supposed to have part or lot in important matches, and they are only to be seen now in country districts where uncouth and inexperienced players are easily disposed of by them. But if it is humiliating to bowl lobs, as showing that the bowler cannot trust himself to bowl round-hand, it is more humiliating to be bowled out by them, and the depth of degradation is reached when the batsman is stumped off a slow, which at the same time happens to be a long hop. Yet into these lowest abysses the Oxford Eleven had to descend. If anybody had told them a month ago that they could not play Mr. Money's slows, and that eleven of them would be his victims in the University match, they would probably have considered themselves personally insulted. Yet such was the case. There is nothing very wonderful about Mr. Money's slows. There is little variety about them. Some are half volleys, some are long hops; all twist to the same amount in the same way. But the way the Oxford men played them was as follows. When they were pitched up, they played back and were caught; when they were pitched short, they ran out of their ground, and were stumped. More childish play at childish bowling could not be seen on any village green. And to those two causes—inferiority in strength and power, and inability to play slows—the defeat of Oxford must be attributed.

Cricket-matches may be classed under different heads, according as the issue is decided by exhibitions of proficiency in special departments of the game. Some are batting matches pure and simple, some are won by the bowling; this may be called a wicket-keeping match. The unprecedented number of fourteen wickets fell to the rival wicket-keepers, eight being taken by Mr. Stewart, for Oxford, and six by Mr. Richardson, for Cambridge. It is from no wish to underrate the prowess of the latter gentleman that we give the palm of excellence to Mr. Stewart. Mr. Richardson is an excellent and sure keeper to slow bowling, but he only showed moderately in his efforts to take the fast. Mr. Stewart keeps equally well to fast and slow, and takes all sorts of balls alike, to the leg or to the off, with wonderful precision and neatness, and without any pretentious show. We did not see him fumble a ball throughout the match, and they were often thrown in to his feet instead of his hands. Mr. Richardson got nearly all his wickets off Mr. Money's lobs, and of course any one with the faintest idea of wicket-keeping ought to take such things as those to a certainty. His stumping Mr. Tylecote off a fast ball of Mr. Absolom's was a mere matter of luck, for the ball hit his leg and went back on the wicket, and his hands had nothing to do with it. We were once stumped out ourselves by a wicket-keeper who positively turned round to flee from the approaching ball, which hit him violently in the small of the back and rebounded on the wicket. He was duly credited with the same on the scoring sheet, but we were not impressed with the ability of the performance.

It may seem paradoxical, after what we have said of the Oxford batting, to assert that the best cricket in the match was shown by Oxford men, but nevertheless we believe it to be the truth. The best batting during the two days was that of Mr. Pouncefote, and Mr. Digby in the second innings of Oxford; the best bowling was that of Mr. Walter for the first half-hour of the second innings of Cambridge; the best wicket-keeping was that of Mr. Stewart. Indeed, the Cambridge batting may be characterized as strength without style. Mr. Absolom prides himself in hitting off balls to square leg; Mr. Thornton has not the ghost of an idea of cutting—the prettiest part of a thorough batsman's play—and confines himself to forward hits—and very far forward they travel; and Mr. Weighell hits nearly as hard as Mr. Thornton, and rather more irregularly. A great part of Mr. Thornton's first innings was, in our opinion, very badly played, a great many loose balls (and Oxford bowling was very loose at that time) being let off and wrongly played at. His second innings, though of smaller amount, was worth half a dozen of the first, the loose balls being hit cleanly, and as none but he could hit them, and the good ones being played steadily and strongly. Still, it is from no wish to praise the losing at the expense of the winning side, but from strong conviction, that we repeat that the good parts of the Oxford batting were better cricket than the best of the Cambridge batting. Neither Eleven, however, included a batsman to be compared with Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Buller, or a bowler equal to Mr. Fellowes. Last week we should have spoken differently, and said that Mr. Brune was quite worthy to play for the Gentlemen against the Players, for he bowled out a powerful M. C. C. Eleven for an insignificant number of runs, but this week he could not obtain a single wicket, while Mr. Money disposed of eleven. Such are the contradictions of cricket! Undoubtedly the best Eleven won, but it was a victory of superior strength more than of superior skill. Mr. Walter bowled wonderfully for half an hour, and then relapsed into mediocrity, but Mr. Absolom could bowl for a week without exhibiting signs of fatigue. Some of the Oxford batsmen appeared

to have the will, but not the strength to hit, even when the chances were most favourable; but Mr. Thornton and Mr. Weighell could hit all through a summer's day without getting out of breath. Just so with the fielding and running. Mr. Absalom is a trained sprint-runner, and gets from wicket to wicket before you can swallow a glass of dry sherry. Mr. Yardley runs like a deer, covers an immense deal of ground, picks up the ball with one hand, and throws it in at the rate of forty miles an hour, straight to the wickets. The Oxford men could not, and possibly cannot, next year attain to all these things. They cannot add cubits to their stature, or double the width of their chests, but they may learn so simple a thing as how to play "lobs," and we sincerely trust, for their own sakes, that they will take their first lessons as speedily as possible.

REVIEWS.

THE HIGHLANDS OF TURKEY.*

THE volumes before us represent the personal experience derived from three separate visits to the countries described; an adequate amount of thought and reading during the intervals; and a basis, to start with, of common sense and sound scholarship. Though the subject is one which neither two nor ten volumes would exhaust, the writer has touched upon almost every point of it—the classical archæology of the old traditional or disputed sites, the social condition of the monasteries, and, above all, the politics and ethnology of one of the most diversified regions in Europe; the domain of the Greek, the Turkish, the Bulgarian, and the Albanian languages, the domain of Mahometanism as the ruling creed, and of Greek and Roman Christianity as the subordinate ones. The personal narrative, which is nowhere unduly prominent, relates chiefly to the mild mountaineering suggested by the title-page.

The chapter in which the information is the newest, and that which supplies the most definite desiderata, is the notice of the Mirdite Albanians. More than once Mr. Tozer shows how thoroughly he treats Turkey, even in its most European districts, as a mere outlying of Asia; and here, upon entering the Mirdite country, he calls himself "almost the only European who had visited Orosch within the memory of the inhabitants." Now Orosch is certainly in Albania, and Albania has generally been treated as European. Possibly the word used by the natives was *Frank*; but this Mr. Hecquart, who has the next best claim to pass for an authority on Orosch, would probably translate *Frenchman*. Considering that, concurrently with this piece of testimony on the one part, the Alpine Club on the other is claiming Kasbin and Elbruz, as far beyond the other side of Constantinople as Orosch is on this side of it, for Asia, the term is, to say the least, curious. The next visitor is advised to give the name just as he heard it. But this is talk about the shell rather than the kernel. Against the real subject-matter there lie but few exceptions. Mr. Hecquart, hitherto our chief authority, tells us less of what he saw than Mr. Tozer does. Albanian in speech, Romanist in creed, and Austrian rather than Russian in their political predilections, the Mirdites stand in strong contrast to their neighbours on the west, the equally independent and anti-Ottoman Slavonians of Montenegro. They are savages with fraternal friendships after the fashion of the Dorians, and vendettas after those of Corsica. One of their auguries is taken from the bladebone of the sheep, so that shoulders of mutton serve both for food and fortune-telling. The custom is probably Turkish; for the old traveller Bell describes a similar process of divination among the Tartars to the east of the Caspian. The dominant characteristic, however, is perhaps their Exogamy, or the practice of eschewing marriages within their own tribe. Hence, a Mirdite bride must be carried off from one of the clans in the neighbourhood, these being Mahometan; a necessity which implies not only an abduction, but a conversion. The practice, however, being recognised by all parties concerned as an institution, rarely leads to hostility. Such are the Mirdites—Christians, and, in their way, missionaries.

About Montenegro we know more; partly from the notice of a lady, Viscountess Strangford—and partly from one of a soldier, Lieutenant Arbuthnot. The question, too, of its practical independence has been sufficiently ventilated. Mirdita, in this respect, is another Montenegro; and, as our knowledge increases, we shall probably find in the *terre incognite* which pass under the name of Upper Mæsia at least two more claimants for the same consideration—the *Wassoewitchi*, or the descendants of a *Basileus*, and the still wilder mountaineers of the Drobnjak district. These have yet to be described in detail; and, these being dealt with, fresh claimants to a modified independence will appear—mountaineers and coastmen, Mats and Krivyashes, and other names, if possible, less known to fame; but which, when the questions of Roman or Greek Catholic, of Slavonian or Albanian, and of Russian, Austrian, or even Venetian, proclivities come under analysis, will demand recognition. The derivation of the word Mirdite is one of Mr. Tozer's etymons which we must go out of the way to protest against; the more so as the protest may serve as a text to some criticisms upon his ethnography in general:—

The Sultan Amurath, meeting the chief, was saluted by him with the words *mire dite* ("good day," in Albanian), and in consequence of this, when the battle was over, he gave them the name of Mirdites, in commemoration of the words of good omen which he had heard in the morning. Though the explanation is inadmissible, it has some plausibility in it, &c.

All that is true in this is that Sultan Amurath had something to do with the name. Nothing shows the likelihood of this more than the names in the neighbourhood. On the frontier are the Ducadjini, or those whose name dates from the Ducas dynasty. Then come the Clementi, named from the legendary St. Clement (Roman or Albanian, as the case may be), of whom the work before us gives us, for the first time in English, a fair notice. Then, though not within our author's route, are the Vassoewitchi, already mentioned.

We cannot make the analysis of the ethnology of European Turkey an easy subject. To the general reader every writer brings a fresh detail. We are criticising Mr. Tozer, and we must own that he has enriched our knowledge with two new names. In each case we know of the population, but the names are new; and as they imply strange subdivisions within a recognised division, they have their value. It is one thing to learn, in a general way, that a large tract of Thessaly, Macedonia, and Albania is Valachian, or Vlakit; it is another thing to know, as a detail, that a fraction of its population calls itself Armeng. In Western Macedonia, too, we have long known that a certain district was neither Greek nor Ottoman Turk. It is something to learn that a part of its population is called Pomak. These two new names, with the analyses they suggest, seem to be Mr. Tozer's. Concerning the Pomaks, we hope that in a future journey he may tell us more. In respect to the Vlakit, we must record our differences with him. One applies to the name; the other to the value of the bearers of it as an element in the future history of Greece and Turkey:—

Among themselves all the various branches of the Wallachian family are called Rumuni, or Romans, with the single exception of this colony in the Pindus, who style themselves Armeng, a name which is difficult to interpret, though it may possibly be a corruption of the same word. Those that dwell south of the Danube are frequently known by the name Taintsar, an appellation which forcibly recalls the original "shibboleth," being derived from "tsints," which is their pronunciation of "chinch" (five, quinqué). It is, of course, a name of ridicule, and unwelcome to their ears; as is also the case with the title Kutzo-Vlachs, or "lame, halting Wallachs," which refers, I believe, to the same, or a similar defect, of speech.

This may or may not be the case; but why not tell the whole story? or why not give the reader the advantage of the suggestion of a different view? Why ignore the connexion between Taintsar, Zingaro, Romani, and Gypsy? What, too, if there were in these very parts of Thessaly a bishopric of the *Kutziagri*, *Kutzagri*, or *Kobregi*, so that we find reasons for believing that the Kutzo-Wallachians were simply Kutziagri, or Kutigurs; these being an historical people akin to the Huns, Avars, and old Bulgarians. *Non meus hic sermos*. Zeuss, in 1837, asks concerning this very population, "May not these Wallachs, Thessalians, Kutziagris, and Kuber's Bulgarians, be allied?" Just, however, as our author never hits the Kutziagri, so Zeuss never notices the term *Kutzo* in the sense of Larne. Assuredly, in these matters, the whole is easier than the half.

Mr. Tozer thinks that, as a future political influence, these Kutzo-Wallachians are likely to go for nothing. It may be so, or it may not. If so, however, it will not be because they are unimportant, but because the Valachia of the present year, the Valachia with a Prussian King, is other than the Valachia of the first Greek revolution, the Valachia of a Fanariot régime. Upon this point let us put three things together. The first Greek revolution began in secret societies, and the Southern Albanians did half the work in it. It began with Ypsilantes, and Kolettis was one of its heroes. Now Ypsilantes was the highest Greek official in Valachia, and Kolettis was a Valachian of Sirako, and Sirako is a town on the very line where the Hellenizing Albanians are separated from the Ottomans. Whatever, then, may be the case hereafter, it is probable that the Valachians of Thessaly and Albania were powers of some sort—possibly as gipsies are powers in the eyes of a smuggler, and possibly as Jews are powers in the eyes of a loan-monger; but still powers. That they were not powers in the sense that Garibaldi, or the Pope, or the Czar, or the Prime Minister of England, or even a demagogue in Athens, are powers, we, with Mr. Tozer, freely admit. Yet it is unsafe to ignore them.

No English writer has given more attention to these same Vlakit than our author, yet he fails to connect them with the Children of Israel. Meanwhile, it is thus that he writes about a Jews' Castle, or an Ebraio-Castro which gives him trouble, or at any rate suggests nothing but a conjecture:—

Captain Spratt has suggested, with considerable probability, from the frequent occurrence of the name "Jews' Castle" in the islands and on the continent of Greece (there is an Ebraio-Castro on Mount Pelion) that ruins are regarded as likely places for finding treasures, and hoarded money is, or was in former times, associated with the Jews. It must have been from some notion of this kind that the name arose, for the fortresses themselves cannot be supposed to have belonged to members of that despised race.

But what if this despised race was not always so despised? Or what if populations other than Jewish called themselves, or were called by others, Hebrews? Of something of this kind there is evidence even in the work before us. An extract (which, by the way, has seen a good deal of service) from Benjamin of Tudela, Jew and traveller, tells us that about Zeitun, in Thessalia, the inhabitants are called Vlachi; that they are not Christians; that

* *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey, including Visits to Mounts Ida, Athos, Olympus, and Pelion, to the Mirdite Albanians, and other remote tribes: with Notes on the Ballads, Tales, and Classical Superstitions of the Modern Greeks.* By Rev. H. F. Tozer. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1863.

they are robbers; that no one ventures to make war on them; that their names are of Jewish origin; that some even say they have been Jews; and, finally, that when they meet with a Jew they only rob him, whereas the Gentiles they both rob and kill. With a population of this kind there is no need to go far for the origin of Jews' Castles. But it should be added that the evidence of Benjamin of Tudela has been disparaged; for the statement is undoubtedly a strange one. Yet the most probable explanation of it is stranger still. What if they were Samaritan, rather than Jewish—or, in other words, Jews of the Ten, rather than the Two, tribes? The evidence here lies in the history of the Khazars, especially in their double relation to the Bulgarians on the one side, and the Jews on the other. In respect to the first, let us turn to Zenz. The Khazars appear in history as allies of the Emperor Heraclius against Chosroes, King of Persia, A.D. 626; or, to connect the date with a greater name, during the lifetime of Mahomet. They come from the parts about the Volga, or the original Bulgaria. They follow the tract of the Huns, Avars, and the Bulgarians of Europe, in connexion with whom—sometimes as enemies, sometimes as friends—they are often mentioned, and that by the Arabian as well as the Greek historians. They conquered the Crimea, till then perhaps Gothic rather than Greek; but from the conquered country acquired a civilization which, though Greek and Eastern, was not Byzantine. They were great conquerors in Russia; tribes which lay at least as far north as Kiev (which they founded) having been reduced by them—the authority on this point being that of the earliest Russian annalist, Nestor, himself a monk of that district.

Now for the Jewish side of the picture. One, at least, of the Khazar kings was a convert to Judaism, and the whole Khazar nation Judaized. The Jews, too, were powerful in Khazaria. There they had a necropolis; the paper on which, by Chwolson, has formerly been noticed in our columns. The general era is that of the Captivity of Jerusalem, but sometimes that of Samaria. One of the gravestones stands over the body of, perhaps, the last of the Sadducees. That the names of Samuel, Simeon, Gabriel, Daniel, and Moses appear in almost every page of Wallachian and Bulgarian history is simply a remark of Mr. Finlay's. What passes, then, for Wallachian may have been Bulgarian, and what passes for Bulgarian, Khazar—for so it is in Greece throughout. The Greek and Turkish languages are facts; but the blood is mixed and mysterious.

The Khazars, however, were both Bulgarian and Jewish. And they were also Russian. Concerning which last statement we must note the following names—Dragovite and Smoleni. These, among others, we find in the eighth century applied to certain Slavonian colonists in Macedonia. The first came from the parts between the Upper Dnieper and the Pripecz, say from Minsk or Grodno. On this, for which we have the authority of Nestor, there is no doubt. Smoleni may indicate Smolensko. And how came they to Macedonia? Not by land, like ordinary Slavonians or Bulgarians. Not by sea, after the fashion of the men of either Constantinople or the Crimea. They came in canoes (monoxyla), and the time of their coming was the time when the Khazars were just in the position to colonize Russia from Macedonia, and Macedonia from Russia. They are just the people to do this; but they are the *only* people whose influence accounts for both Jews and Russians in the northern parts of what the ancients called Greece. The whole is, we repeat, easier than the half; but the whole must be submitted to ultimate analysis.

As definite points in the Eastern question, the two most impalpable are the Greek blood and the Greek language. The first is too evanescent to be anywhere; the second so ubiquitous that it is everywhere. The religious creeds, on the other hand, are capable of being considered. The difference (within the Orthodox Church) between the Bulgarians and the Greeks, Mr. Tozer has adequately described. The Roman element he has understated. On two occasions, at least, the claims of Rome upon Bulgaria have been prominently set forth; nor have they ever been formally abandoned. Under Nicolas I., when the schism between the two Churches had become final, the province of Illyricum was claimed by Rome, and of the province of Illyricum Bulgaria was claimed as a part. Towards the close of his reign, Bogoris, the first Christian king of Bulgaria, had learned to distrust his converts. He knew the difference between the Iconoclasts and their opponents; he knew, too, the scandals of the quarrel between Photius and Ignatius; and he also knew something about the authority of the Pope. To Nicolas I. he applied for answers to a hundred and six questions; and Formosus, Apostle of the Bulgarians, and afterwards an anti-Pope, was charged with the answer. This may be found in Milman. So may the dealings of Innocent III. with the King of Bulgaria and Valachia. Here, however, the claim is different, being founded upon the Bishopric of Thessalonica—a result of the Fourth Crusade, or, in other words, the sack of Constantinople by the Venetians.

Specially interesting, in this respect, is Mr. Tozer's notice of what we may call the Crypto-Christians of North-Western Turkey—Christians who, under constraint, submit to occasional conformity in the way of Mahometanism. There are Fire-worshippers who do the same in Asia, and enough of them to claim recognition as political influences.

Respecting the Koniarats, Mr. Tozer, who is one of the few travellers who notice them, writes thus:—

Dereli, which lies in the plain, is inhabited by Koniarates, and was one of the original positions occupied by that tribe. Their history is as follows. Shortly before the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the Greek in-

habitants of Larissa were reduced to so weak a condition, and had so little hope of assistance from their Government, that they were obliged to submit to the rule of a Bulgarian prince. Wearied, however, of this yoke, they called in to their aid an Ottoman chieftain called Turkhan Bey, who, after driving out the intruder, established himself in the country. The forces at his disposal being too small to hold it with safety, he sent to Konieh (Iconium) in Asia Minor to invite any of the population who were willing to leave their homes and colonize these fertile plains. Some five or six thousand families responded to his call. . . . They have a good reputation for industry, but are also said to be extremely fanatical, and we ourselves found them surlier and more insolent than any other Turks, forming a marked contrast to their countrymen of Asia Minor generally, who are quite the most favourable specimens of their race.

We have much to learn about these Koniarates. There is another settlement of them in Macedonia; so important a person as Mehmet Ali having been no true Ottoman Turk, but rather a Seljukian Koniarat of Cavalla. So little did the genuine Seljukians fraternize with them as kinsmen of the Ottoman division, that no prince or potentate on the European side of the Hellespont gave more trouble to the Amuraths and Bajazets of the times before the taking of Constantinople than the representatives of the Iconium dynasty, the half-conquered or rebellious princes of Karamania. The present Koniarates, if better known, would probably be better liked. Compared with the Turks of Constantinople they are pure in blood; neither are they so notably spoilt by the possession of power. Left as they are to manage themselves, they care little for the attractions of the capital, employ themselves on their own farms, and, though they would probably make the best officials in the empire, they either neglect or despise place-hunting. It would be better for the Turkish administration if a little more of the Koniarat element were infused into it.

We make no secret of having treated the political parts of Mr. Tozer's book at the expense of the scholastic, the artistic, and the archaeological; and of having made a text for criticism out of the few points wherein we differ from him, rather than a reproduction of the many wherein we agree with him.

KEBLE'S MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

DR. MOBERLY has done wisely in collecting into one volume Keble's miscellaneous poems—all, that is, which are not included in the *Christian Year* or the *Lyra Innocentium*. It must not be supposed, however, that all, or nearly all, the contents of the volume are really new. On the contrary, more than half the pieces brought together have appeared already, about a third in the *Lyra Apostolica*—to which Newman and Keble were the chief contributors—and the remainder in various hymnals or other collections of religious poetry. Of those now published for the first time few, if any, with one conspicuous exception, rise to the author's highest mood as a poet. We have not, for instance, observed among them any composition which matches the exquisite lyrical sweetness of the "Song of the Manna Gatherers," or the jubilant ring of the lines for Easter Day in the *Lyra Innocentium*. Neither, again, among the delicate domestic touches which abound, here as everywhere, in Keble's poetry, do we recollect anything to equal the perfect grace of the verses in the *Christian Year* for the Third Sunday in Lent, or the Twenty-fifth after Trinity, which are some of the most characteristic he ever wrote; nor is the solemn grandeur of the opening stanzas for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, "Where is thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice"—which are not quite in his usual style—recalled to us. But we should nevertheless have been very sorry if the editor had omitted any of these fragmentary records, as we may term them, of a pure and noble life. There are persons whose best biography is that written unconsciously by their own hand, and Mr. Keble was one of them. Not only is there a remarkable continuity pervading his writings throughout—a maturity in the earliest poems, and a freshness in the latest—but in this, as in other respects, his poetry is, to use Dr. Moberly's language, "in a very high degree the reflex of himself." Its most marked peculiarity is its "intense and absolute veracity." We can well believe that he never sat down for the purpose of writing poetry, but simply wrote as the inward feeling prompted him. So little studious, indeed, was he of literary reputation, that he would not willingly take pains to correct or polish what he had written. This is amusingly illustrated by the story of Wordsworth's criticism on the *Christian Year*, for which there is said to be good authority:—"It is very good; so good that, if it were mine, I would write it all over again." Whatever occasional roughness or feebleness of expression might have been removed by doing so, we cannot doubt that half at least of the indescribable charm of that wonderful volume would have evaporated in the process. It is precisely because he felt so intensely and so thoroughly every word he uttered, and never allowed himself to say, for the sake of effect, a syllable more than he felt, that his words have come home with such constraining force to the deepest religious instincts of two generations of his countrymen, and their force seems unexhausted still. There are very few poets of whom this rigid sincerity could be predicated. And those, like Byron, who make the greatest parade of taking the public into their confidence, are apt to be the least true either to their audience or to themselves. But the same spirit of unostentatious devotion which made Keble turn

* *Miscellaneous Poems*. By the Rev. J. Keble, M.A., Vicar of Hursley. London: Parker & Co. 1869.

from the highest honours of the University, which he had gained almost as a boy, and from the admiration which everywhere followed his steps, to bury himself for life in the pastoral ministry of an obscure country village, breathes throughout every line of his poetry. It has just that "soothing tendency" which, in the preface to the *Christian Year*, he ascribes to the Prayer-book services it was designed to illustrate. It would perhaps be difficult to describe the effect of his writings better than in the well-known words of the great Roman poet:—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poetæ,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aque saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

The first hundred pages of the volume, as we have already said, are a reprint from the *Lyra Apostolica*, which has passed through several editions, but has never become so universal a favourite as the *Christian Year*. We are very glad, therefore, to have Mr. Keble's contributions, which include some of his most perfect poems, secured to us in a permanent form; one especially, which is hardly as widely known as it deserves to be, though we doubt if, for its pathos and "tender grace," there are many to equal or any to surpass it among all that he has written. We mean the lines on the "Burial of the Dead," originally, it appears, intended for the *Christian Year*, and which recall, both in tone and metre, the exquisite poem for Tuesday in Holy Week. Those who do not happen to be familiar with the *Lyra* will thank us for introducing them to one of the sweetest strains of consolation that ever cheered a mourner's heart:—

I thought to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar;
Friend of this worthless heart! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.
The shadows fall more soothing: the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day;
The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,
And sought with us along th' accustomed way
The hallow'd porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.
O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touch'd
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,
Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,
Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid faith,
That even with beaming eye
Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
So many tokens dear
Of an endless love begun.
Listen! it is no dream: th' Apostles' trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's;—calmly now
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay.
Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasure for awhile:
And if a tear steal down,
If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin-lid;
If at our brother's name,
Once and again the thought, "for ever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud; yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou know'st us calm at heart.
One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er.
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,
Thou, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead!
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

We could hardly find a better illustration of that delicate tenderness of feeling which was a leading trait of Mr. Keble's mind, as of his writings; but it would be a great mistake to infer that, because this was one side of his character, it was the only one. Sir John Duke Coleridge, in a letter printed at the end of his father's memoir, calls attention to Keble's "sternness" in the condemnation of what he thought erroneous or wrong. But it has been argued with a strangely perverse ingenuity that, if he was a dogmatist in his formal creed, he was a latitudinarian in his poetry, and therefore in his deeper convictions of which it is the instinctive utterance. Nothing could be further from the fact. In no writer is the form of his theological belief more indelibly stamped in its every detail on his poetry, and that because to him it was not a mere

form, but a genuine and living faith. It is true no doubt, as his wife is reported to have said of him after his death, that he was scrupulously diffident and forbearing in his judgments on those who differed from him in belief, but it was in the spirit of St. Augustine's famous saying, *amat errantes, odit errores*. For error itself, or what he considered such, he had no tenderness. It might be sufficient to refer, in illustration of this side of his character, to the striking lines in the *Christian Year* beginning "Is this a time to plant and build?" which are no less characteristic of one side of the author's mind than those previously referred to are of another. And the poem for the Eleventh Sunday after Trinity is not an exception, but an example of what is abundantly illustrated throughout the volume. But it is perhaps in the *Lyra Apostolica* that this severer side of his theology—which is only another way of saying of his character—comes most prominently to the surface. Nor is it any answer to say that his contributions to it were written for publication. Even if the fact was so, which is very doubtful, and did they seem to strike a different note from his other compositions, as they do not, it is certain that he wrote nothing that did not come straight from his heart, or for the mere purpose of producing a salutary impression on others. The whole series of poems on "Fire" will serve to exemplify our meaning. There are others in this part of the volume that we had marked for extract, and among them the "Winter Thrush," which is one of the happiest illustrations of Keble's power of idealizing the common sights and sounds of country life, and may not unfitly be named with Shelley's ode to the Skylark, or Wordsworth's to the Redbreast. But we must turn to the later portion of the volume.

Of the translations from the Latin breviary there is not very much to be said. It is comparatively seldom that translated hymns retain enough of the spirit and rush of the original to be adapted for singing. Dr. Newman's translations of the Advent Hymns, and Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden," are among the most conspicuous exceptions. There are very few even of Keble's original verses that are suited for purposes of hymnology, and even fewer of his translations. Perhaps we should except his version of *Alleluia, dulce carmen*, but it hardly has the ring of the earlier and better known translation beginning "Alleluia, best and sweetest." The same may be said, as a rule, of his metrical version of the Psalter, though of course, as poetry, it is infinitely superior to the wretched doggerel still sometimes sung in our churches. The fact is, that he was too really a poet to be a good hymnologist, except occasionally, and as it were by accident, as in some verses of his poem for Whit Sunday, "When God of old came down from heaven." Of the hymns, written as such, several of which appear in the present volume, far the best are that for Harvest, for Holy Matrimony ("The voice that breathed o'er Eden"), and the Evening Hymn for Emigrants; but the latter would require to be curtailed by half at least.

The concluding portion of the volume contains various fugitive pieces, composed at dates ranging from 1808, when the author was a boy of sixteen, though already a resident scholar of Corpus, till within a year or two of his death. Many of them are of a directly personal kind, and bring out that freshness and playfulness of disposition which seem to have survived with him to the last. Some few of the earlier ones are love verses, and several, including the very latest of all, have more or less of a humorous character. His fondness for children is conspicuous in all alike. They are very properly given here in their chronological order. We have spoken already of that bond of unbroken continuity through which they are visibly "linked each to each by natural piety." There is the same profound sense of the unseen world in the earliest, and the same "almost boyishness" of feeling—to use the editor's words—in the latest. His sense of the humorous is almost quaintly combined with his devoutness of mind in the lines on "the Rook," which may be taken as a specimen of that lighter style, hardly familiar to those who only know him by the *Christian Year*. After describing the destruction of the rook's nest in "grandpapa's tallest elm-tree" by a strong north wind, and the untimely death of its occupants in spite of all the efforts of "Aunt, Robert, and Hill," to revive them, comes the following reflection:—

'Tis a very bad wind, as in proverbs we find,
The wind that blows nobody good;
I have read in books; yet sure the young rooks
Would deny it to-day if they could.
They sure would deny, but they cannot well try,
Their cawing not yet have they learn'd;
And 'tis just as well not; for a fancy I've got,
How the wind to some use may be turn'd.
Do you see Martha Hunt, how she bears all the brunt
Of the chilly, damp, blustering day?
How gladly she picks all the flitting sticks!
Her kettle will soon boil away.
How snug she will sit by the fireplace and knit,
While Daniel her fortune will praise.
The wind roars away,—“Master Wind,” they will say,
“We thank you for this pretty blaze.”
Then spite of the rooks, what we read in the books
Is true, and the storm has done good.
It seems hard, I own, when the nests are o'erthrown,
But Daniel and Martha get wood.

We could have wished to find room for part at least of the ballad of "Robin Lee," and the beautiful lines, apparently referring to an early disappointment in love, printed under the heading of "*Nec me discedere flevit*." But, for these and many more which are sure ere

long to become popular favourites, we must refer our readers to the volume itself. There is one, however, of these posthumous poems which we cannot altogether withhold from our readers. It appears to have been originally intended for publication in the *Lyra Innocentium* as an ode for the Conception of the Virgin, but was suppressed, against the author's own better judgment, in deference to the rather crotchety objections of some of his friends. We are not concerned here with its theology, but all will agree that it would have been a misfortune if the world had been deprived of what, alike for lofty poetry and exquisite tenderness of feeling is second to none of its author's compositions. We quote the concluding stanzas:—

Mother of God! O, not in vain
We learn'd of old thy lowly strain.
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest;
With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear
Which brings thee, with all saints, near and more near.

What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crown'd form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hail'd thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitter cry
Man hath assail'd the Throne on high,
And sin and hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven.
But the dread tie, that parting hour,
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake

Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore
He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor Saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.
How may we choose but name thy name,
Echoing below their high acclaim
In holy Creeds? Since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there

How, but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

Fair greeting, with our matin vows
Paid duly to the enthroned Spouse,
His Church and Bride, here and on high,
Figured in her deep purity,
Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
To bear and nurse the Eternal Son.
O, awful station, to no seraph given,
On this side touching sin, on the other heaven

Therefore as kneeling day by day,
We to our Father devious pray,
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek:
(As children with "good morrow" come
To elders in some happy home:)

Inviting so the saintly host above
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear
Our falterings in the pure bright air.
But strive we pure and bright to be
In spirit, else how vain of thee
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
Feel we the sword that pierced thy side!
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

HILL'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.*

IT is not very clear why Mr. Pascoe Grenfell Hill should have written the Life of Napoleon the Third. He does not give us a line of preface or introduction of any kind, nor do we know anything about Mr. Hill save what we learn from his title-page; namely, that he unites the letters—not often found in company—of R.N. and B.A., and that he is also Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr. We are thus left quite in the dark, unless indeed it is meant that we should infer that Mr. Hill's musings on his own East Anglian patron have led him to recognise a reproduction of that model of sainted kingship in the present ruler of France. On turning to the first page of the body of the work we find that Mr. Hill, Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr, is in correspondence with M. l'Abbé Isidore Mullois, who is described as "premier chapelain de la maison de l'Empereur." Marry, this is somewhat; it is not every rector who gets private letters from the first chaplain of an Emperor. And the matter of the correspondence between the two divines—Anglican we suppose we may say on one side, but we suppose in these days hardly Gallican on the other side—seems to be not a little remarkable. Mr. Hill and M. Mullois seem to be laying their heads together to make M. Mullois' master better known to the people of England. "Je

voudrais faire mieux connaître l'Empereur à votre nation;" so writes M. Mullois, seemingly calling on Mr. Hill to be his helper in the good work. To us who can remember 1851, and unluckily a good many things before 1851, the job might seem hardly to want doing. But there are people now grown up who cannot remember 1851, and there are others who were grown up in 1851 who have somehow forgotten all about it. Careful research has revealed to us the existence of a large class of people who think that 1848 and 1851 were one and the same year, and who think any one very ignorant who tries to draw any distinction between them; so perhaps it might not after all be a mere work of super-erogation to set about making M. Mullois' master a little better known to the English people. Still we do not exactly see why M. Mullois should have picked out Mr. Hill as the chosen instrument for the work. Mr. Hill himself seems to have been a little puzzled at his own promotion. "It is very well," he says, "but how can I contribute to make the Emperor better known to the British nation?" Mr. Hill seems indeed to have taken his own measure pretty carefully. "I cannot," he goes on to say—"as others use"—compose a five-volume, or even a three-volume, work." We quite agree with Mr. Hill; we have not the least wish to see five, or even three, volumes about Napoleon the Third from his hand. But Mr. Hill goes on. "A single sentence from the pen of M. Mullois reassures me—'*La brièveté est aujourd'hui une des premières conditions du succès*'!" Thus reassured, Mr. Hill infers that, "a short summary of the chief events in the career of Louis Napoleon may be acceptable to the English reader." Very good; some things are certainly the better for being short, and we should be inclined to say that any book by Mr. Pascoe Grenfell Hill was among them. Shortness may be a merit, or it may not. Brevity is said to be the soul of wit; whether it is or is not the soul of truth depends on the way in which the brevity is brought about. Mr. Hill has achieved the distinction of being at once short and lengthy. We mean lengthy in the real sense of the word, if there be such a word, not in the sense of the penny-a-liners in which it is simply a longer word for long. Mr. Hill's book contains only 203 pages of large print, well leaved and with a handsome margin, but the book is lengthy all the same. It is undoubtedly short; still it is lengthy because we get weary of it long before we come to the end, and begin to cry "*Ohe jam satis est, ohe libelle*" long before we reach page 203. For Mr. Hill's shortness is certainly that kind of shortness which is far from being the soul either of wit or of truth. His short summary of the chief events in the career of Louis Napoleon is made short only by leaving out all those events which, whether likely or not to be acceptable to the English reader, are certainly not likely to be acceptable to either an English or a French panegyrist. If you leave out all about the occupation of Rome, all about Cayenne and the Isle du Diable, all about the French and Belgian press, all about the prosecution of the Count of Montalembert, all about the confiscation of the Orleans property, all about Savoy and Nice, all about Mexico, the chief events of the career of Louis Napoleon are made much fewer, and the summary of them is made much shorter. It is in a certain sense made more acceptable, but whether it is not made short and acceptable by the sacrifice of objects even higher than shortness and acceptability we leave it to the combined divinity of M. Mullois and Mr. Hill to decide.

The game of setting some Englishman to write a weak book in praise of the present master of France, whatever else may be said for it, certainly has not the merit of novelty. It was tried as long ago as 1857, when some events were fresher than they are now, when a book of abject flattery appeared, bearing the title of "Napoleon the Third," &c. &c., "by a British Officer," and most lovingly dedicated to the British officer's wife. But unluckily the "British Officer" turned out not to be the holder of any known office, civil, military, or naval; the panegyrist of Napoleon the Third received some pretty compliments from the hero of his tale, but in the end he vanished somewhat ingloriously in the bursting of a bubble Bank of Deposit. We do not suspect Mr. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr, of being a man of straw of this kind; indeed the letters "R.N." may be taken as implying that Mr. Hill has, or has had, better claims to the title of a "British Officer" than his forerunner twelve years back. Still the omen is a little unlucky, and it suggests that all trades must have failed before a man takes to the trade of trumpeter to Louis Napoleon. In fact one would have thought that the policy of trumpeting at all was of itself a bad policy. The forgetfulness of mankind is great, and it would be safer to trust to it. Napoleon the Third, whatever we may say to his regnal arithmetic, is a great fact; he holds a great position; he is master of the lives and properties of many millions of people. It might be wiser to be satisfied with these facts, and not to tempt people to pry too closely into the way in which that great position was gained. There are people who honestly believe that Napoleon the Third is an hereditary prince who succeeded Napoleon the Second. There are people, as we have seen, who somehow confound Buonaparte and Cavaignac, and who fancy that it was his present Imperial Majesty who saved society in June, 1848. There are a good many people who have no belief one way or another, but who accept the fact of the powers that be in France just as they accept the fact of the powers that be in Reuss-Schleiz. Napoleon the Third is Napoleon the Third, and they no more think how he came to be Napoleon the Third than they think how Henry the Seventy-seventh (if that be the right number) came to be Henry the Seventy-seventh. Here then is a good healthy mass, if not of active friendship, at least of the opposite to active enmity; a passive

* *Life of Napoleon III.* By Pascoe Grenfell Hill, R.N., B.A. London: Moxon, Son, & Co. 1869.

mass of opinion which, if it does not exactly think well, at any rate is far from thinking ill. While such a state of things exists, it is wiser to let well alone; it is wiser not to awaken the sleeping lions of thought and inquiry. Mr. Hill and the British Officer are not doing their patron any service by stirring people up to examine into his title; after sixteen years of familiarity with the sound, people are beginning to think that the word Emperor does, as it once did, translate *Βασιλεύς*; Mr. Hill's attempts to make matters better known may perhaps issue in making people conscious that what it really translates is *Τύραννος*.

We therefore do not look on Mr. Hill's as a wise book, even viewed in a general kind of way with reference to the interests of his own hero. We shall perhaps be still less inclined to look upon it as a wise book if we look at it a little in detail. It is, as we have said, chiefly remarkable for the things which it leaves out altogether. It is also remarkable for the charming simplicity with which Mr. Hill—for aught we know M. Mullois also—hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Mr. Hill, and no doubt M. Mullois too, believe in the sincere and perfect piety of their hero. We have no wish to disturb their belief; Louis the Eleventh, Francis the First, Louis the Fourteenth, even Louis the Fifteenth, were all princes remarkable for their piety. There are several ages of the world in which the difficulty is to find a prince who is not. It therefore makes no difference in our estimate either of the events which Mr. Hill leaves out or of those which he records that we find that not only the Rector of S. Edmund the King and Martyr, but also the subject of his biography, are firm believers in a superintending Providence. We have not the least mind to dispute Mr. Hill's most true proposition, that

In addition to the heavier toils and cares which attend high office, its possessor is exposed, by a rule which admits no exception, to the cavils and misrepresentations of prejudice and jealousy.

But we are not specially moved when we read what follows:—

"The honours of this world," the Emperor wrote, not long since, to a French cardinal, "are a heavy burden imposed on us by Providence, who in justice augments our duties in proportion to our dignities. Thus, I often ask myself if in prosperity our troubles are not as great as in adversity. Our guide and support is faith, religious faith and political, in other words, confidence in God, and consciousness of a mission to accomplish."

We are not at all surprised to find "at every stage of the eventful career of Napoleon III. the same constant expression of trust in Providence, the same acknowledgment of the 'Sovereign Commander of all the world,' who decrees the issue of battles, the establishment or downfall of dynasties." We see nothing that proves anything either way in the fact that Louis Napoleon, on the eve of his departure on his Italian campaign, asked his chaplains—Monsieur Mullois no doubt among them—to pray for him, or that, on hearing of the taking of Sebastopol, he went to return thanks in Notre Dame, and assured the Archbishop, somewhat condescendingly, "Je me plais à reconnaître que, malgré l'habileté des généraux et le courage des soldats, rien ne peut réussir sans la protection de la Providence." We fully agree with Mr. Hill that "no one truly great or wise can be of the number of those who scoff at the belief in the Almighty Ruler and Disposer of events"; only we do not quite see what this proves as to the rightfulness of seizing innocent persons and shipping them off to Cayenne without form of law.

Elsewhere Mr. Hill tells us, with simplicity equally charming:—

On the whole, it will be generally admitted that France had sufficient grounds to be contented with the measure of success that crowned her efforts in the campaign of 1859. Seven years later, the Italians exulted in the complete attainment of the objects for which the war was undertaken. Of the two alternatives proposed at its commencement, "whether Austria should extend her despotism as far as to the Alps, or Italy be free to the Adriatic," the latter has finally prevailed.

All Mr. Hill's propositions here are indisputable. France had every ground to be contented with her measure of success. Who is likely to be discontented when he gets a whole day's wages for half a day's work? Italy was to be freed from the Alps to the Adriatic; it was freed for only about half the distance; but France got her two provinces all the same. So it is quite true that, seven years after 1859, Italy exulted at finding herself at last free from the Alps to the Adriatic, but we never before heard that it was the help of France which made her so. So, on a more delicate point, Mr. Hill grows rapturous over the marriage of his hero and the excellences of his bride, "the goodness and kindness, the thousand acts of charity"—including, no doubt, the bull-fights of Bayonne—"which form the chief occupation and pleasure of her life." We have given us, at full length, the speech in which his hero enlarged on the alliance which he was about to form as one not in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy. We are told that this lack of accordance constituted one of its advantages, but we are not told, either by the orator or by his biographer, how many vain attempts had already been made to form an alliance in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy. Elsewhere Mr. Hill quotes with admiration the magnanimous saying, "My friends are found not only in palaces, but also beneath roofs of thatch, and in the cottages of the poor." But he forgets that there are other houses besides palaces and cottages, that it is neither in palaces nor in cottages that we commonly look for intelligence and political wisdom, and that it is just among the important class who live neither in palaces nor in cottages that the friends of Mr. Hill's hero are not found. We are sure that Mr. Hill throughout means what he says; the beautiful simplicity with which he records the arrests of Chagnier, Cavaignac, Bedeau, and Thiers, and afterwards goes on to

describe the massacres of December the 4th, evidently honestly thinking the whole thing to be all right, is quite enough. Mr. Hill is evidently in earnest, he is evidently beyond the reach of argument; only it is a pity that, being in this state, he is not amusing. Our only chance of a laugh is when he uses his paste and scissors, and gives us the Imperial speeches and proclamations at full length. He does not often get beyond his immediate subject, but he guarantees the *Life of Caesar* "to be a work of extensive research, deep thought, and vigorous style." Of Mr. Hill's own research he gives us one specimen only. "While," he tells us, "on the topic of the war in the Crimea of 1854 and 1855 it is curious to recall the fact that full a thousand years before the Russians were absolute masters of the Black Sea; a nation of pirates on a large scale." For this fact he refers us to "Levesque, the historian of Russia," and gives us an extract in French.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.*

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR tells us, in the preface to his book, that Humboldt did not say of him that he had travelled more and seen less than any man living. Mr. Taylor adds that he could at once have disproved this, had it been worth while, by publishing a letter written to him by Humboldt, in which, we presume, the philosopher did not make the remark in question, and probably said something of a more complimentary nature. Without pausing to inquire whether this vindication would be perfectly conclusive, we willingly record our opinion that the remark, whoever its author may have been, was only as far from truth as most epigrams are. Mr. Taylor indeed admits that there was in it a certain kernel of truth. He has not the eye of a scientific observer, nor even of a genuine explorer. His first travels were made when he was a very young man, knowing, as he says, even less of the world than most very young men; and he never brought to his task any thorough training in the studies which ought to form part of a traveller's outfit. Neither has he ever been a pioneer of travel. His wanderings have at their furthest led him into those regions which are on the borderland between the commonplace routes sacred to the tourist and the more interesting regions which require a readiness for perilous adventure. He is not to be reckoned amongst the Livingstones, any more than amongst the Humboldts. But in his own sphere he can look upon things with something of an artist's eye, and can bring back very pleasant accounts of his wanderings. He is thus well adapted for a duty which, if not very important, we are glad to see satisfactorily discharged. We are beginning to shrink from those beaten paths along which the sheeplike flock of tourists follow each other with undeviating accuracy. In picture-galleries and palaces we are haunted by the inevitable sight-seers; the Pyramids are not much fresher than the Thames Tunnel; we reap no more praise from visiting Jerusalem than from visiting Chamouni; ascents of the Alps are scarcely more exciting to our sense of novelty than ascents of Primrose Hill. Yet it is a fact which is worth remembering that the tourist herd has one fortunate weakness. The whole continent of Europe is covered with a network of beaten tracks, but the network is not so close but that within the meshes there lie many oases almost as sacred from the invasion of travellers as they were a hundred years ago. Switzerland is perhaps the most thoroughly hackneyed ground for a summer tour; yet even in Switzerland one only needs to diverge a little to the right or left in order to discover villages as primitive in manners and aspect as though Murray's Handbooks were a dream, and the great Cook had never organized an annual incursion of barbarians. There is a legend, which recurs under different forms in many places, of a traveller who crosses some out-of-the-way pass and discovers hidden away in a fold of the mountains some ancient city, preserving for centuries the manners of an extinct civilization. In the Mexican forests, if we remember rightly, there is said to be an ancient Aztec town where the inhabitants keep their cocks below ground for fear that their crowing should reveal its existence to some of the strangers who exterminated the rest of their race. An ancient pagan city was said, until Ordnance maps became common, to survive in some happy valley under the shadows of Monte Rosa. And though we have succeeded in dispelling these pleasant visions, there are yet many nooks and corners of Europe in which the inquisitive traveller may discover fresh remains of old-fashioned forms of life. The by-ways of Europe, as Mr. Taylor calls them, lead into many such pleasant spots; and these volumes may supply some useful hints to those who desire to make a variation on the old-established tour. It is indeed melancholy that a man cannot write about such places without doing something to precipitate their decay. Doubtless a few American travellers will take Mr. Bayard Taylor's hint; the first dribble of adventurous tourists will be succeeded by a more steady stream; and before long some of these little backwaters will be swept away in the general flow of the current. Whilst they still survive we may take a glance at one or two of them under Mr. Taylor's guidance.

The little republic of Andorra almost realizes the legend to which we have referred. It lies high up amongst the Pyrenees, accessible only by a narrow and rarely-frequented gorge on the Spanish side, and having little communication even with France. The history of the valley ends in the year 1278. At that time

* *By-ways of Europe.* By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

the one controversy which raged about it came to an end, a compromise being made between the Counts of Foix and the Bishops of Urgel, who claimed certain privileges in regard to it. The Andorrans still pay a tribute, according to the terms of that arrangement. The French Government, as representative of the Counts of Foix, receives annually 1,920 francs, and the Bishop of Urgel 842 francs; however, as the French tribute is the largest, the people voluntarily add, for the benefit of the Bishop, a Christmas offering of the twelve best hams, the twelve richest cheeses, and the twelve fattest capons to be found in the valley. The Powers to which the tribute is paid appoint certain officials, but in practice the valley is self-governing. The Council of the Republic consists of twenty-four officials, each of the six communes electing two consuls and two councillors, who hold office for four years. The Council holds five sessions annually at Andorra. Each parish owns two double-beds in the upper story of the Government House, and in each bed sleep two consuls or two councillors. They have a kitchen with an enormous pot, in which their meals are cooked, and a dining-room in which they are served. The other forms of the constitution of the little valley are of an equally primitive nature. A huge chest built into the wall contains the archives of the republic. Each consul keeps one key, and it can only be opened when all six are present. In it are believed to repose the original charters of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire; for, if the legend be true, the independence of the valley dates from the time when Franks and Saracens met in the passes of the Pyrenees; in the same chest are the annals and digest of laws composed by one Fiter, the only scholar whom the valley ever produced. The people, however, trouble themselves little about laws or history; only one man in a hundred and one woman in five hundred can read and write. If this be accurate, the whole number of persons thus qualified must be considerably under 50, as the entire population amounts only to 8,000. The people are poor, though comfortable; and their one great object has hitherto been to preserve their poverty. They have a notion—probably well-founded—that if they once began to grow rich and develop the mineral resources of their mountains they would speedily suffer intrusions from without. A man asked Mr Taylor, showing him a mineral, "Do you know what that is?" Certainly, I answered, it is the ore of lead. Where did you get it? He put it in his pocket, looked up at the sky, and said, "What fine weather we have." This character of reserve has become so common that to "play the Andorran" is a cant expression for affecting ignorance. A theological student, for example, translated the words "Jesus autem tacebat," by "Jesus played the Andorran." Thanks to their reserve and prudence, the people have maintained a quiet independence, which even Napoleon respected. It is curious, says Mr Taylor, that the population has always remained stationary, which is apparently due to the fact that marriages are under very strict restraint. It is also remarkable that, in spite of the complicated family connexions in this secluded valley, which cause them to be constantly applying for dispensations to marry within the prohibited degrees, the race appears to be physically vigorous. It is melancholy to add that the charmed repose which has lasted through so many centuries is in some danger. There has arisen a party of Young Andorra, having a certain taint of revolutionary ideas. They have urged a step which may be fatal to the stability of the Republic. The gaming-tables of Europe having been driven out elsewhere, the proprietors have cast their eyes upon poor little Andorra. They have obtained leave from the Council to make a carriage-road into the valley, and to build a monster hotel, with the regular appliances. If the plan is carried out, the charm of Andorra will speedily be gone; and we recommend all travellers who would like to see so curious a relic of the middle ages, to pay it a visit before the threatened invasion has had time to affect its character.

Without going so far, we may find districts of equal antiquarian interest. Of the thousands of travellers who visit Switzerland, very few remember that anything is to be seen there except glaciers, or anything to be studied except the manners and customs of hotel-keepers and tourists. The working of political institutions is entirely beyond their sphere. Otherwise they might find time for a passing glance at democracies of the ancient type, such as survive in no other part of the world. Mr Taylor was present at the annual meeting of the Landsgemeinde of Appenzell. The whole male population of the little canton is bound to put on its black hats, to tie up swords with its umbrellas, and to gather on the green slope of a hill at the little village of Hundwyl. The right of discussion, which is still retained by the primary assemblies of Glarus and Unterwalden, has been abolished in Appenzell, but the officers are elected, and laws are proposed and voted, by the whole assembly. Office, we may observe, is so little coveted by this primitive people, that a person is frequently elected, like a London sheriff, in spite of himself, and can only escape by leaving the country for a time, and threatening not to come back unless he is released from his post. This step had already been taken by two members of the Council on the occasion of Mr Taylor's visit, and three more had appealed to the people for non-election. We may add that the people had the good sense to grant their request. The description of the gathering in the free air in sight of the snowy Alps, and the voting of some thousands in obedience to the stenographic proclamation of a *Weibel*, or apparitor, is strikingly picturesque. The assembly continued for three hours, and voted no fewer than two hundred and seven times before they had completed their business. They elected their governors, judges, and other officers, and then, after a prayer from the pastor of the village,

the Landamman solemnly took the oath of office, every man in the crowd repeating each clause after him in a low murmur. To see such a sight should be at least as interesting as to make the ascent of the Rigi for the ten thousandth time in the course of the year.

We need not accompany Mr Taylor any further. He describes visits to Lake Ladoga, to Nijni Novgorod, to Majorca and Minorca, to Montserrat, to the Grande Chartreuse, and to the Teutoburger Wald, and to various other places of more or less interest. He also describes an intended visit to Garibaldi; and he got as far as the island of Maddalena, whence he could see Capra and make out the house of the distinguished exile. In spite, however, of excellent introductions, Garibaldi simply sent back to say that he could not see him, *per motivo de miei incomodi*. Poor Mr Taylor had to return as wise as he came, and could only comfort himself by the reflection that a German professor who had travelled for the same purpose from his native country suffered an equally decided repulse. We will not venture to impeach the wisdom of this decision; but content ourselves with saying that, for our part, we shall always be glad to meet so intelligent a traveller, and to listen to his agreeable narratives of expeditions which deserve to be more widely imitated.

CUST'S ADMIRALS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE contributions of Sir Edward Cust to military and naval history are contained in portable volumes suitable for reading at odd moments of busy life. The latest of his publications is a series of lives of "Warriors of the Seventeenth Century," which seems to have no destined end except that which curtails all human work. It is of course open to any one who is tired of these compilations to cease reading them, but we have found in the volumes now before us much interesting information, particularly as to the exploits of naval warriors. Every Englishman would desire to know something beyond the names of those famous Dutchmen against whom his forefathers contended so hard for mastery at sea.

The Dutch Admiral De Ruyter did not belong, as his name would appear to signify, to an aristocratic house, or, if he did, it was a house which had fallen into decay. He was what was called, in our own naval service, a tarpaulin admiral; for he was first employed in a rope-walk at Flushing, then he became a cabin-boy, and after eight voyages he rose to the position of captain of a merchant vessel. With the exception of about two years of service in the national fleet, he continued a merchant captain until he was forty-five years old; and he had grown weary of sea-service, and resolved to quit it, when war broke out in 1652 between the English and Dutch, and opened to him a glorious career. In almost all the fierce battles which were fought between our own and the Dutch navies in the next twenty years, De Ruyter bore a leading part. His principal opponents were Blake, under the Commonwealth; and Monk, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of York, under the Monarchy. He encountered a superior English fleet off Plymouth, in 1652, and compelled it to seek shelter in port, leaving untouched De Ruyter's convoy, which it had endeavoured to intercept. This success he gained in Blake's absence. Next year the elder Tromp, who had been in disfavour, was restored to the command of the Dutch fleet, and De Ruyter served under him, while Blake had resumed the post which was rightly his. Although the Dutch ships were smaller than the English, they did not scruple to engage us on our own coast. In these years the sound of Tromp's and De Ruyter's guns was well known at Lowestoft and Ramsgate. It is difficult to select any distinctive features of these battles. They often lasted from sunrise to sunset on two or three successive days, and they most frequently ended by the crippled combatants seeking each the shelter of his own ports. The poets and historians of both countries may dwell on these naval wars with almost equal satisfaction, but it is undeniable that the Dutch began the contest with pretensions which they were unable to maintain. No Dutch admiral after Tromp carried a broom at his masthead in the Channel, and although the balance of naval power remained pretty equal during De Ruyter's life, it has turned in all after-time against his country. The destiny of the two nations was foretold by Dryden when he wrote:—

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stooped to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong;
And this may prove our second Punic war.

The elder Tromp was killed in the last battle of the war with England which ended in 1653. His successor, Opdam, was killed in the first battle of the war with England which began in 1665. Thus De Ruyter found the way open for him to supreme command, and next year he appeared on the English coast with a fleet of 100 ships. The English fleet of nearly equal strength was commanded by Prince Rupert and Monk, now Duke of Albemarle. The French had joined the Dutch against England, and Prince Rupert was detached to oppose their squadron, which was expected in the Channel. Thus De Ruyter had the opportunity of attacking Monk with a superior force. Monk sustained his attack through three long summer days, and on the evening of the third day he was rejoined by Prince Rupert, and relieved from imminent defeat. A fourth day of battle followed between nearly equal forces, and still neither side could claim a victory. But, if the English were superior in nothing else, they had in

* *Lives of the Warriors who have Commanded Fleets and Armies before the Enemy. Warriors of the Seventeenth Century.* By General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Author of "Annals of the Wars." Vol. III. Parts 1 and 2. London: John Murray. 1869.

Dryden a panegyrist to whom the Dutch could produce no rival. The fleets parted on the evening of the fourth day, and when they met again, after refitting, De Ruyter, not being supported as he should have been by his officers, was compelled to retreat, and narrowly escaped capture. The English fleet insulted and ravaged the Dutch coast, while the Dutch fleet, dispirited and divided by factions, kept close within its harbours. Dryden, as may be expected, makes the most of this occasion:—

Oh, famous leader of the Belgian fleet!
Thy monument, inscribed, such praise shall wear
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

It would have been a pity if De Ruyter had despaired, for next year he sailed into the Medway, took Sheerness, and burned the men-of-war on the stocks at Chatham. The chain which had been stretched across the Medway was carried away by the Dutch, and long preserved as a trophy of the boldest of De Ruyter's operations. Peace soon followed, but within three or four years Holland was again at war with both England and France. The combination of these two monarchies brought the Republic into extreme peril, and all De Ruyter's skill and bravery were needed to counterbalance the power of the allied navies. Disregarding his inferiority of numbers, he did not hesitate to put to sea, and he almost surprised the combined fleet at its anchorage in Solebay, near Southwold. It was thought that the French showed some disposition to look on while the English and Dutch destroyed each other, but, although their slackness might account for the indecisive result of the battle of Solebay, both French and English did their utmost in other battles without conquering De Ruyter. They attacked him next year on his own coast, with the view of forcing him from it and landing troops to overthrow the Government. But after a hard day's fighting the Dutch fleet anchored on its own ground, and the French and English sailed away discomfited. This was a substantial victory gained with a far inferior force. It is not wonderful that when the Republic emerged from this deadly peril her admiral-general De Ruyter was reputed to be the first naval officer in the world. After peace had been made with England King Charles II. invited De Ruyter to his Court, but he pleaded age and want of rest as excuses, and declined the honour. He was soon called to hoist his flag once more in command of a squadron which the Dutch sent into the Mediterranean to assist the Spaniards, and here he received a mortal wound in battle with the French Admiral Du Quesne. Thus, like his predecessors in command, Tromp and Opdam, he died in arms. He was a man of simple and modest nature, and of sobriety and piety of life. He had been sixty years at sea, had served in five distinct wars, in more than forty engagements, and in fifteen pitched battles.

The elder Tromp, to whom De Ruyter succeeded in chief command, was born at the Brill in 1597. His father was captain of a ship, and was killed in action with an English privateer. Tromp, then a boy of eleven, was by his father's side when he fell. This was the sort of training which made these Dutchmen what they were. In 1652, when disputes had arisen between the Dutch and English Commonwealths, Tromp came with a fleet and anchored in Dover Roads. Blake came with a fleet to meet him; a dispute arose about striking flags, and an action was fought before war had been proclaimed. A few months later Tromp defeated Blake on the English coast, and hoisted the offensive signal of the broom at his masthead to proclaim his victory. In two following battles, however, Blake defeated Tromp so effectually as to drive him into port. While the English fleet lay off the Dutch coast Blake went home sick, leaving the command to Monk. Tromp, having repaired damages, came out of harbour and engaged Monk in a series of obstinate battles, in the course of which the Dutch admiral was killed. He was called "the father of the sailors," and he is said to have invented modern naval tactics, and taught them to the English in the battles which he fought against them. His successor in command, De Ruyter, and all the other Dutch admirals of that illustrious age, may be considered as Tromp's pupils. His own son began his education early, for the father never went on shipboard, after the boy could walk, that he did not take him out to sea. The younger Tromp's career was interrupted for some years by the political and professional jealousy of De Ruyter. Yet his experience of weather and of war was almost equal to his father's, and he saw something which his rival did not see, for he accepted an invitation from King Charles II., and visited London, where crowds collected to see and welcome their famous enemy. The younger Tromp lived to witness all possible combinations of the three chief naval Powers of his age. In one war France and Holland were against England. In another, Holland was against France and England. In the last war in which Tromp shared, Holland and England were against France. He was appointed by King William III. to chief command of the Dutch fleet which was to co-operate with the English fleet, under Admiral Russel, against the French Admiral De Tourville. He died in 1691, before he had an opportunity for any exploit; and, having left no children, this renowned family of seamen became extinct. The fierce conflicts of the English and Dutch navies were succeeded by a long partnership of hostility to France. In the wars of the eighteenth century Holland was for the most part either allied with England or neutral; but when a new republicanism had spread from France to Holland, the Dutch and English fleets once more combated with the old obstinacy off Camperdown, though with a substantial result of victory to the stronger Power. The smaller States of Europe are almost re-

moved, by the course of modern politics, from the possibility of attaining military or naval honour, and it must suffice for Holland to cherish the memory of an age when the flag of Tromp and De Ruyter maintained itself against every enemy. It is difficult for us to imagine the feelings of a period when there lay in the Texel, only 230 miles from London, hostile fleets ever ready to come out and fight with our fleets. Blake and Monk on one side, and Tromp and De Ruyter on the other, played home and home matches at long bowls, which for the convenience of spectators were held sometimes off Yarmouth or Lowestoft, and at other times opposite Beverwyk or Scheveningen.

In contrast to these rude seamen of the Dutch Republic, it is to be remarked that the great admiral of the English Commonwealth was a Master of Arts of Oxford, and did not go to sea until he was fifty-one years old. The naval services of Robert Blake were all comprised in the next eight years, but within this short period he, in Cromwell's words, "made the name of Englishman as great as was ever that of Roman." He seems to have been the founder of the modern English navy, although probably he invented much less than he borrowed from the Dutch. If we compare the accounts of Blake's sea-fights with those of Drake, we shall see that we have passed the line which divides ancient from contemporary history. The marvellous skill of the Dutch admirals in seamanship was to be acquired only by lifelong devotion to the sea. Blake and Monk, who had led troops in the field and defended towns, had sense to perceive the value of a quality which they did not themselves possess, and thus the British navy ultimately equalled, if it did not surpass, the Dutch in seamanship. No reader of cruises and battles of the eighteenth century can fail to admire that faculty by which Rodney, Hood, and Nelson almost compelled the elements to serve their purposes. But in the seventeenth century our soldier-admirals had much to learn from the tarpaulins who commanded the Dutch fleets. The two greatest of these soldier-admirals, Blake and Monk, both belonged by birth to the West of England, and the family of Blake still survives at Taunton, the town which he held so stoutly for what he deemed the cause of liberty. He strove according to his best judgment to serve, not party, but his country, and when Cromwell usurped the government he advised the fleet to submit to his authority; for, said he, "it is not the business of a seaman to mind State affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us."

The French justly claim a considerable share in any gallery of portraits of naval warriors of the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is not a surprising effort of French vanity to assert that their Admiral Du Quesne defeated De Ruyter off Sicily, and it is true that a shot from Du Quesne's fleet killed De Ruyter. Another French admiral, Tourville, defeated the Anglo-Dutch fleet off Beachy Head in 1690, and remained master of the Channel. Two years afterwards Tourville, contrary to his own judgment, engaged an Anglo-Dutch fleet of greatly superior numbers at Cape La Hogue, and suffered a severe defeat. With a happier arrangement of relative forces he encountered an Anglo-Dutch fleet off the coast of Spain, and captured or destroyed a large part of the rich Smyrna trading fleet which it had under convoy. The lowest estimate of the loss thus inflicted on the trade of the allies places it at one million sterling. Tourville, on this occasion, performed that manœuvre which Napoleon vainly strove to teach his admirals; for he united the Brest and Toulon fleets of France off the coast of Spain while the main fleet of the allies was expecting him elsewhere, and thus he had a great superiority of force at the point of decisive action. Tourville combined aristocratic birth with good naval education, having begun to serve against the Turks in the Mediterranean at eighteen years of age. He was assisted in many of his operations against England and Holland by the privateer Jean Bart, who was beyond comparison the first French seaman of his age. Indeed no seaman of any age has surpassed the skill with which Bart slipped in and out of Dunkirk in spite of blockading squadrons.

The naval service of the seventeenth century does not seem to have favoured length of life. De Ruyter had nearly attained seventy years when he received his death-wound. The elder Tromp was killed. Blake died at sea at the age of fifty-nine years. Monk and the younger Tromp did not much exceed the age of threescore years, and Tourville and Jean Bart fell short of it. When De Ruyter sailed up the Medway, Monk endeavoured to put Upnor Castle in some state of defence, and stood threatening mutinous sailors with his cane while the Dutch shot fell thick around him. He answered an officer who remonstrated with him for this exposure, "If I had been afraid of balls I should have quitted the trade of soldier long ago." The king-making Duke of Albemarle—*per quem stant ipsi reges*, as the inscription on his coffin says—had qualities which made him acceptable to the Court, to the seamen, and to the London mob. His success in politics was largely due to his eminent gift of silence. His influence over multitudes of men was gained by unflinching courage. When five thousand mutinous sailors assembled at Whitehall, Cromwell and Monk rode alone to meet them, and Monk did not scruple to draw his solitary sword upon the ringleaders. After the great fire of London the people said, "If our old George had been here the city would not have been burnt." In many obstinate battles with the Dutch he provoked the fate which Dryden has represented him as desiring:—

Yet, like an English general will I die,
And all the Ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

But Monk died in his house where Albemarle Street now stands, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, a king-maker among kings.

PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE.*

UNFORTUNATELY for *Paul Wynter's Sacrifice*, a single personage, even when the leading one, no more makes a good novel than a solitary swallow makes a summer. Paul Wynter, we freely confess, is excellent; a lofty conception consistently worked out. The whole tenor of his life is in keeping with the sustained effort of self-sacrifice that makes it pain and weariness to him. The sufferings he submits to are sublime without being sensational in the popular sense of the word. They spring naturally from ordinary events, and the supporting them merely turns on the extraordinary powers of endurance that strengthen with use, and the grace that learns to exercise them. Paul Wynter has a strong will in a frail body, and so much of the milk of human kindness that all his troubles cannot turn it sour. His temper is not so angelic as to raise him above our admiration as a *lusus nature*, and deprive him of all credit in acting like a saint where a sinner would be driven to bitterness and blasphemy. His nature is chastened by sorrow, and his passions are purified with tribulation; he murmurs, but resigns himself, and, resigning himself, his murmurs become fainter and fainter. The more he bears, the more he has to bear, and the better he bears it; while his occasional outbreaks remind the reader that it is a mortal of like passions with himself that is being martyred. He has the keen, sensitive nature that, encased in such a deformed frame, and with a mysterious sorrow darkening the soul, would have sent a man in old times to a convent, or to a cave, to lead the life of a beneficent hermit. But in our days misanthropy is only within the reach of the rich, and Paul Wynter is poor. Besides, it is contact with his kind that is to give the sting to his sorrows, and we see what he cannot—otherwise his character would lose its charm—that after a probation of three volumes he is to be richly recompensed, and himself partake of the happiness he had been tempted to envy. We read his horoscope in the earliest pages of the book, and respect the hunchbacked wayfarer as the future head of a great English household, and the idol of a beautiful wife. Although in the concluding scene we are nearly thrown out, and fear for an instant that the author has been trifling with our feelings and means after all to make the hero a sacrifice to the very last, yet until then we have never doubted that it is the destiny of the adventurer to make, like Quentin Durward, his fortune by marriage. He arrives one evening in the little inn on the Splügen just before Mr. Brookland, a rich English proprietor, travelling with his only daughter and heiress. An excited postilion, over zealous for his trinkets, takes a too sharp turn into the yard, upsets the carriage, and lands its occupants literally on the inn threshold. Thus the introductory incident approaches as nearly to the romantic as modern travelling advantages will admit. A tragic upset on any of the precipices they had passed, at any of the awkward turns of the ascent, could only have been appropriate at the close of a tale; in the Swiss Alps there is no chance of falling among thieves who offer you violence; and a rescue from the beggars that haunt each high place, lying in wait for slow-mounting carriages, although it might have merited the gratitude of the travellers, would have fallen beneath the dignity of fiction. A sprained ankle and some scratches on the face satisfy the requirements of the story. A few days of delay in the dulllest of hostleries place the Brooklands naturally enough on familiar terms with some of the other personages of the book, give the sweet poison of presumptuous love time to circulate through Wynter's veins, and let the seeds of gratitude take root in Margaret's bosom. The father is agitated at the sight of the drops of blood he sees trickle down his daughter's face, and gives Wynter the opportunity of reassuring him "with a tender smile" and in "a voice that was low and sweet." Wynter tends the couch of his fair patient like a ministering angel, and when she rises from it and drives on convalescent, she leaves her physician far more seriously wounded. "She seemed to have taken possession of his whole soul, and merged all his faculties into one living thought of her."

Considering the widely different spheres in which their lots are cast—his deformity, his impecuniosity, his consciousness of the existence of a humiliating secret, and that Mr. Brookland, rich, dignified, and aristocratic, is inclined to ignore all relationship between them save that of doctor and patient—it will be seen that Paul Wynter has cause for anxiety enough. However, while the impression Margaret has left on him only grows and deepens with time, he endeavours to distract himself from the hopeless vision by hard toil in his profession and works of active benevolence as well. When we meet him again, he is struggling to get together a small practice in one of the most wretched quarters of London. He makes himself beloved in spite of his seeming eccentricities; and keeps his friends by sheer admiration of his life and character, for they are often insulted and nearly alienated by seemingly capricious and ungrateful conduct which is dictated by reasons he declines to explain. He goes to Brooklands, where Mr. Brookland plays the courteous host, and his daughter seems inclined to warm into something more than the cordial hostess. As may be imagined, the load of shame under which Paul labours is not his own, and

the object of his reverential adoration wounds him sorely by discussing as abstract questions hypothetical cases closely resembling his own, and assuming as a matter of course that even vicarious shame like that must stain its victim ineffaceably. An enemy warns Mr. Brookland that his guest is bearing a feigned name. Wynter is forced into an explanation, which shows that he has been sacrificing himself for others, and that instead of being culpable he is a miracle of noble self-denial. That a man of Mr. Brookland's general character should be represented as so pitilessly unjust as he is, under the circumstances, seems to us unnatural, even if we admit in extenuation that he thought his daughter inclined to be too pitiful. It is an improbable and ugly colouring given to the scene to add another pang to the unhappy hero's lot; for no gentleman of kindly disposition would be inclined to heap injuries on a man who was crushed down; and who half an hour before had been his welcome guest—who had done nothing since to forfeit his respect, but told of much to deserve it, and who was cut to the soul by the disclosure of his painful secret. It may all help to glorify Paul Wynter, but, as we said, while his character is a real and a touching one, the others are all more or less weak and forced.

Perhaps Margaret Brookland is as good as any of them—as, indeed, as heroine, she ought to be—but she is no way worthy of her lover, who is immeasurably her superior in all but looks. For an indulged child, an heiress and a beauty, she is condemned to a very lonely life. We question much, had she not lived in a country place, with no attractive neighbours, whether Wynter would ever have come to such preferment as the possession of her hand. Her maiden meditations in her solitary hours chance to turn towards the Splügen, more for want of other objects than anything else. She bases her fancy for Wynter on old remembrances, which had certainly at the time no tinge of affection, and she is more than half in love before she has an idea of her lover's merits. The author presents her as a model English girl, very high-bred, if something high-spirited; but we must say she has some strange ways of her own, which it takes all her high breeding to carry off. There was a *sans façon* about the reception of visitors in the mansion of Brooklands, which, according to his temperament, may have either taken a stranger aback at his first visit, or put him at his ease. When Wynter and Claude Nutford arrive there, Margaret ushers them herself upstairs, throws open the doors of their rooms, and hopes they like their quarters. We can picture the well-drilled footmen exchanging respectful winks. Then, when her father is struck down by paralysis in London, although the room is filled with people who crowd in, it occurs to her to run for medical assistance herself. No one interferes to prevent or follow her when she breaks wildly into the street; she tears down the pavement, and—most marvellous of coincidences—her instincts and happy fortunes carry her straight into the arms of Wynter, who is just then turning that corner of all corners in the world. Of course his skill brings his patient back from the gates of death, and rivets a second claim on the gratitude of Mr. Brookland and his daughter. What the family of the Nutfords are introduced for at all we know not, unless, indeed, it be to draw out the story to its due length. All their appearances are simply excrescences on the plot, and in following them you go by paths which, although they are pleasant enough, and seem to run generally parallel to the main one, in reality lead nowhere, and only give you the trouble of retracing your steps. Old Mr. Nutford is a worthy and wealthy Cornwall farmer, whose pride in his pet daughter Lucy has led him to "make a lady of her," and whose manners, in their more than roughness, are so antagonistic to the refinement of hers as to make her filial affection and respect really creditable to her. His wife is a serious Mrs. Poyser, much diluted, who is always laying herself out to improve occasions in season and out of season. His son Claude is a genius, much given to dissipation, with his father's vulgarity lacquered over, and without his father's worth. It is a pity he died so young, for English art could ill spare talent like his. If, at his early years, exertion so slight led him to success so brilliant—for his dissipated habits and companionships must have effectually stood in the way of sustained application—what would he have become had he been spared to reform? Mr. Brookland must have condoned the freedom of his manners on the score of his splendid promise, otherwise even his good nature would never have pressed so forward a guest to repeat his visit. As for Mr. Brookland himself, he is still a puzzle to us. He is represented as a man of the world and of great cultivation. Yet Joel Craig, the Memphis of the story, twists him round his finger as he pleases, and catches his spare capital with the coarsest baits. From Mr. Craig's Christian name, general tone, and supposed acuteness, we cannot help suspecting that the author introduced him originally as a Yankee, and changed his nationality later, when the exigencies of the story seemed to advise it. As an American—to whom in English novels at least a certain license is allowed—we can conceive his making good his footing at Brooklands. As one of her own countrymen, we should say the young hostess would have been, not merely surprised as she was, but absolutely disgusted, by the impertinent vulgarity of compliment that marked so utter an ignorance of the usages of decent society. We should have imagined that, in spite of some common tastes, Mr. Brookland would have been repelled at once and irresistibly by the manners of his new acquaintance. The cloven foot peeps out everywhere; and, as an instance of his vulgar self-assertion, take the statement made gravely by this clever adventurer at the dinner-table, and swallowed in all solemn faith by the host. Mr. Craig asserted that it was he who had made our late Premier

* *Paul Wynter's Sacrifice*. By Mrs. Duffus Hardy, Author of "A Hero's Work," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

what he was, by consistently writing him up; Mr. Craig, independently of anything else, being, we should say, the junior of Mr. Disraeli by some five-and-thirty years at least. "Tell me how I can serve you, Craig," said Mr. Disraeli to him in a burst of uncontrollable gratitude, in the lobby of the House; "it must be a wide ditch I would not jump to serve such a friend as you." Mrs. Hardy's table-talk on living political characters is perhaps not the less funny that it is so true to nature in the dull triteness of its commonplace. Mr. Craig got his friend the Premier—at least we presume it was Mr. Disraeli, not Mr. Gladstone—to accept the chairmanship in a Company he was promoting; at any rate he performed nearly as great a feat—that of persuading the sensible Mr. Brookland that he had done so. The moral of the story of the Company is *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and it illustrates the risk a lady runs who ventures into the unfamiliar regions of the City. Fancy a shrewd scoundrel broaching a plan for making gas of beef bones and boot soles. Imagine his daring to forge a list of directors selected from well-known public men, taking the Premier for his chairman, and fixing the locality of his fictitious offices in a non-existent number of a place so well known and so easily verified as Victoria Street, Westminster; conceive his doing this with a view to bleeding Mr. Brookland's purse, while all the time he has serious designs upon his daughter's hand, and you have an idea of the fidelity to nature of this part of the plot. Nor is the *dénouement* much less extravagant, when the smothered passion of the lovers is fanned into a flame just as the flood of water let in by the bursting of a reservoir over the tunnel through which they chance to be passing threatens to quench it for ever. When they have tasted the bitterness of death, and the lady has admitted enough to encourage her retiring lover, the waters subside, and, coming out of the tunnel little the worse for the fright, they marry, and live happy ever after. As we said, Paul Wynter himself is well, if boldly, drawn; but as for many of his fellow-characters, except by a series of marvellous coincidences, nothing in real life could be so odd or improbable as the combination of these creatures of fiction.

ART-RAMBLES IN SHETLAND.*

WITHIN the range of the British group of islands wellnigh every phase of nature may be said to offer itself to the artist, or to the student of the physical aspects of earth, air, and water. Admirers of the beautiful in natural scenery need not confine their interest to a single type, while they have within the circuit of their own country so rich and varied a display of what is most wild and grand in nature's moods as is afforded them in the northernmost of our isles. It is strange that our artists should have been so slow to recognise the wealth and novelty of material that here lies open to their craft. There are happily those for whom the stern and rugged in nature has attractions no less than the placid and the sweet, and we are glad to find that a sympathy of this stirring kind has impelled so keen and indefatigable a student of nature as Mr. J. T. Reid to go so far afield as the comparatively bleak and desolate Shetlands. Without pretending to supply either a formal guide-book for those little-known regions, or an exhaustive account of the islands, their people and their ways, or even a panoramic portrait of every point of interest that they present, he may fairly claim the credit of having brought together, within the moderate compass of the volume now before us, the most effective features of all the three. From a chance allusion on the part of our author to the clerical tie, we venture to gather that he is not by profession an artist. Yet we see abundant proofs of artistic study and culture in his bold delineations of scenery, and his accurate reproduction of every object or phase in nature. The views with which his pages are liberally interspersed have been drawn with clearness and vigour by himself upon the wood, from sketches taken on the spot.

The literature connected with the Shetlands is but scanty. Besides the *History* of Dr. Edmondstone published in 1809, and the later and more elaborate work of Dr. Hibbert, described as rare, what little is popularly known of the "naked, melancholy isles of furthest Thule" is derived almost exclusively from the pages of the *Pirate*. Much of Dr. Johnson's experiences in the Hebrides might indeed be brought in to supplement what we have learnt from these sources concerning the struggles with frost and storm, the scant fare, and general desolation that belong to life in that weird and colourless clime. Mr. Reid's descriptive powers come in with effect in aid of his ready pencil. His art seemingly confines itself to landscape, else we should have been glad of the opportunity of judging for ourselves how far the familiar types of Minna and Brenda are perpetuated among the existing daughters of the soil. One thing seems clear, happily for the prospects of such visitors as our author's tale of experience may attract in the same direction—namely, that the hospitality and genial ways of the Udalers of old are well represented among the landowners of the present day. If less jovial or loud of speech, the successor of Magnus Troil shows the fruits of a culture and a cosmopolitan experience at that time unknown, while the spirit of Triptolemus Yellowley would rejoice over the signs of scientific and economic husbandry which betoken the influence of what, from a hyperborean point of view, would be called the "canny South." The first aspect of these shores, however, is bleak and cold enough. Two young dancels who,

in company with our author, were revisiting their birthplace on board the clipper schooner *Matchless*, scarcely knew Lerwick again, and thought it wondrous bare and bleak after the coast of Fife, which they had just left, with its patches of rich verdure, tree-clad hills, and thriving villages full of populous life, lit with warm glints of sunlight. Even in May the air was frosty, though clear, and sea and sky wore sober hues of grey. The houses, built Venice-like in the water, look hoar and weatherbitten. Most of them have a door to the sea as well as to the street, and within a few yards of them a very fleet of yachts and little fishing-boats lies at anchor. A jolly little boatman, with cheeks as bright as a ripe cherry, took bodily possession of our traveller. It is a rule, we learn, for a boatman who takes you ashore to consider that he has a right to you during your stay in the place. The accommodation which this long-shoreman offered was not over inviting—namely, "one small room, with a two-storied box bed, the under compartment of which was let, and the tenant of it was just crawling out cautiously, to avoid hitting his crown on the upper story where the host said his guest was to sleep." It was further hinted that a strange bedfellow might at times turn in along with him. A sketch of this portentous piece of native furniture is given by the author further on. No wonder that he declined this somewhat startling arrangement, and found more congenial quarters at the homely but comfortable boarding-house of a neighbouring "gude-wife." A commodious hotel has since been opened facing the sea. From thence good horses and divers quaint travelling machines can be had on hire, as well as the rough native *shelties*, so indispensable to the ordinary tourist over mountain pass and fell. Our traveller, for his part, was favoured with exceptional powers as a pedestrian, thinking lightly of forty or fifty miles a day across country, with a "bittock" of ten or a dozen extra miles thrown in by reason of an unlucky turning at some critical point of the route. The study of the painter's art is pursued in Shetland under difficulties. The days suitable for outdoor painting are few compared with the days of fog and rain. It became Mr. Reid's wont to select the dull and rainy days for travelling, hoping thus to secure the better use of any chance sunshine while sketching. It was in a tremendous downpour of rain that he crossed Bressay Sound to explore the bold and precipitous headland known as the "Noup of Noss," which forms the theme of two or three of his most striking illustrations. On the way he had to scamper over heath and bog and stony hill, passing Pictish burghs and monumental stones of unknown antiquity and purpose, and "lakes so old and dead-looking that they seemed but the shadows of lakes that once were." We can imagine so grim and ghostly a scene outdoing in sombre and awful majesty Mr. M'Whirter's notable "Lake Coruisk, Isle of Skye," in this year's Academy Exhibition. The coast of Noss was found literally lined with wreck-wood. At the foot of the cruel black cliffs the waves broke in sullen masses, flinging their foam and spray far inland over the highest summits, blackening and withering the sod. Mr. Reid's engraving well represents the abrupt contours and hard texture of these granitic rocks, split by the frosts, if not the ancient earthquake shocks, of unnumbered years. Bolder and more dizzying still is the chasm which separates the "holm," or isle, of Noss, from the parent cliff. Across this perilous void a cradle passes, hung from stakes fixed on the top of the island rock two hundred years ago by a hardy Bressay climber, who, disdaining to return by the safe transit he had established, fell and perished in his descent. From the summit the eye roams over a wide and picturesque panorama, enlivened by untold myriads of tribes of the air, who float and wheel 'tween sky and sea like a snow shower on a wintry day. Their rude and melancholy music brings to the traveller's ears in the remote distance recollections of the Æolian harp or the hum of a busy city. Their warning cry, the safeguard of many a wanderer on the stormy deep, has often, as in the instance before us, turned back the benighted wayfarer's steps from the brink of the deadly precipice.

The west coast of Shetland, lashed by the fierce Atlantic, is much bolder and far more picturesque than the east. Hillswick, the home of Claud Halcro's "Bonnie Mary," forms the centre of this district, encircled by a galaxy of natural beauties, grotesque stacks, precipitous holms, and dark tortuous caverns. At Mavis Grind, a romantic ridge, the mainland is all but rent in twain by the action of the ceaseless surges, and a narrow band of rock divides, by no more than twenty or thirty feet, the Atlantic and the North Sea. Hillswick Ness furnishes a fine study for the pencil. Another peculiar and highly characteristic feature is seen in the Heads of Grochen, a range of massive cliffs of richly-coloured granite. Still more inviting to the artist is the singular group of the "Drongs"—curious out-stacks, rising like pillars from the sea, the relics of a lofty granite wall riven by the storms and shattered by the billows of centuries. Mr. Reid has given us this splendid subject from several points of view. The days being at their longest, there was literally no darkness, and he could prosecute his studies all the night long. He often sat till midnight painting the Drongs. His view of Rona's Hill over the Urie Frith is probably a unique instance of a sketch taken at midnight. The sun, just dipping behind the crest of the hill, cast a soft radiance over the sky. A reflected light, silvery, luminous, and mellow, gilded the glassy surface of the voe. All that we have to regret is that Mr. Reid cannot give us the varied and expressive tints which no doubt, in his original sketch, perpetuated so rare and delicious a phase of aerial beauty. A striking contrast to this soft and tranquil scene is the grim mass of the Dore Holm, a detached rock, dark and forbidding in colour, well compared

* *Art-Rambles in Shetland*. By John T. Reid. Edinburgh: Edmondston & Douglas. 1869.

by the author to the skeleton of some huge antediluvian monster. Through its gigantic bulk the force of the waves has cut a magnificent arch, seventy feet in height, beneath which yachts of considerable tonnage may pass in full sail. A similar sapping of the hard rock is seen in Christie's Hole, a dark cavern to the north of Hamna Voe, where the towering cliffs are literally riddled by winding vaults and caves. In very quiet weather these weird, dark passages can be threaded by a boat cautiously gliding along, till a roomy but sunless recess opens out upon a beach frequented by numerous seals. Sumburgh Head, the scene of Cleveland's shipwreck, and Fitful Head, on the summit of which the cave of Norna the dreaded Reim-kennar is still pointed out by the shuddering natives, could not fail to find a place in our artist's portfolio. Within a few yards of the ruins of Jarlshoff has risen, we are told, within the last few years, the fine new house of Sumburgh, commanding a romantic outlook over the ever changeable coast, with a distant view of Fair Isle, which lies midway between the southern cape of Shetland and the Scottish mainland. On this rugged and barren islet the Duke of Medina and his Spanish sailors had in 1588 to endure no little privations ere intelligence of their disaster could be conveyed to Scotland, and proper supplies could be despatched. "The islanders, seeing not only their cattle, sheep, fish, and fowls devoured by the hungry strangers, but likewise their ponies, availed themselves of the darkness of night to carry their beasts, and what still remained of their provisions, to caves known to themselves alone, where the Spaniards might not disturb them." The slender annals of these out-of-the-way regions furnish Mr. Reid with many an historical allusion and pleasant anecdote. A glimpse or two into a cottage interior enables us to realize much of the home life of the simple islanders, and a few "notes," furnished by an intelligent school teacher, supplement in an interesting way what our author's lively pen and pencil so graphically set before us. For its size and scope this record of art-rambles may be classed among the most choice and highly-finished of recent publications of this sort.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PERHAPS the most remarkable among the American books at present on our table are two small volumes by ladies belonging to that advanced school of social reformers which, not content with revolutionizing the nation, aspires to effect a revolution in the home, and thinks it of little use to efface all the distinctions of race and class unless they can also abolish the subordination of sex. From one point of view at least, the advocates of "Woman's Rights" are entitled to the commendation of a more thorough consistency, a more unflinching courage in the pursuit of their theory, than the most daring disciples of Mazzini or of Comte. For, after all, the oldest of social distinctions are not older than the dawn of history, or of that quasi-history which archaeologists have recently constructed from the evidence of monuments, of poetry, and of language itself; while the subordination or "subjection of women" dates back to the very commencement of human society, and has never, even in the wildest days of anarchy, been for a moment interrupted. To overthrow the most ancient, most deep-rooted, most solid institutions of human ordinance or human growth, though by no means so easy or so safe a task as the Positive Philosophy pronounces it, is infinitely easier than to recast humanity itself, and to obliterate usages as old as mankind, if not older; for the subordination of the female sex appears to prevail among many species of animals, whose case we recommend to the care of the fair enthusiasts to whom we refer, and the fundamental difficulty with which the latest school of reformers have set themselves to grapple lies deep in the order of nature herself, and is not to be overcome without a reversal, or at least a modification, of some of the most stubborn facts of physiology. It may perhaps somewhat detract from the courage we ascribe to the ladies in question that of these physiological facts they are for the most part profoundly ignorant. Those who, in despite of craniology, physiognomy, and anatomy, to say nothing of history, believe that the negro is simply an Anglo-Saxon with a dark pigment under his skin, and find no obstacle to their theory in the fact that the negro has everywhere been enslaved with ease, while the Anglo-Saxon has everywhere fought his way to freedom and ascendancy, easily contrive to believe that woman is "undeveloped man," and that her want of development is owing simply to repression, and her subordinate position in every age and country an effect simply of the brute force of the stronger sex. Such, at all events, appears to be a very popular creed among the ladies of the Northern States. Miss Penny, the author of the first of the two volumes before us*, has been compelled by her vocation to use her powers of observation with an acuteness inconsistent with absolute faith in the formulæ of her school; and some of her remarks on the difference between the mental and moral qualities of men and women are sensible, while others are plausible if not sound. Unhappily, she has not mastered some of the first conditions of intelligent writing on the subject she has chosen. A writer on Work and Wages might have taken pains to read Mr. J. S. Mill; and, having done so, would have known better than to ascribe the inferior payment of female labour to the will of the employer. She would have known that the employer has no choice in the matter; that the rate of women's wages is fixed

by competition; that the number of labourers and scarcity of work forces it down to the *minimum*; and that that *minimum* is lower than in the case of men, simply because a man's wages cannot in the long run sink below the amount which will support four people, while a woman's need not be more than enough for one—because men labour for families, women generally for themselves. And we should have expected from a lady who has shown some power of intelligent observation the obvious reflection that if, as she admits, women are almost universally deficient in thoroughness of knowledge, and are not equal to men in power of hard work, the two things are probably to be traced to some original and ineradicable difference in quality of mind; in short, that women are not as capable as men of sustained mental application. Such an admission would soon lead a candid and thoughtful inquirer to conclusions fatal to all her preconceived ideas. Again, we are somewhat surprised to find an American authoress not arguing, but assuming as of course, that a large proportion of women are not to marry. In a society where there are more men than women this assumption is surely unsound; and if it be true in fact, it argues that something is out of joint. The men would marry if they could do so without heavy sacrifices; they are not too poor to sustain a family in comfort; if they are deterred from marriage it must surely be by some grievous error or unreasonable exaction on the part of the women. Despite all these and other obvious shortcomings and omissions in argument, the papers of which this volume is composed are far above the average standard of the school to which Miss Penny belongs, and some of their suggestions would have real value if applied to a community which, like our own, contains far more women than can reasonably hope to marry.

A more pretentious work is that entitled *Studies in General Science**, by Antoinette Brown Blackwell. The essays of which it consists would not bear comparison with the writings of any second-rate masculine author on the same subjects, but they are likely to find a good many readers among women, and among men who have a little taste or leisure as women for severe scientific study; for they handle with boldness and confidence a class of questions which true science has failed to solve and which the masters of science have generally avoided—those, namely, which arise when physical research comes into contact with the frontier lines of metaphysics or theology. Reasonings from the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of forces to the immortality of the soul would never attract the abilities of a Faraday or a Huxley, because their masculine intellects would at once discern the impossibility of establishing the analogy which a feminine writer assumes, and on which the whole force of the argument depends. A series of similar reflections—metaphysical deductions from the later discoveries of physics—forms the staple of the volume; a volume which affords a very apt illustration of the difference between the intellectual calibre of a superior woman and that of really superior men.

The claim of Americans to a peculiar immunity from flunkeyism, as the result of republican institutions and education, is acknowledged most readily and unreservedly by those who never meet Americans, and rarely read American books or newspapers. To such credulous persons we recommend the perusal of an elaborate account† of Admiral Farragut's European visit in the flag-ship *Franklin*—a visit which had no ostensible purpose, and no visible result, and the most notable incidents of which were the courteous receptions given to the American officers in a number of European Courts. Why this large and expensive book was written and published, except to assure the Americans that one of their most distinguished seamen had visited the palaces of the Tuileries and of Tsarskoe Zelo, and had been civilly treated by Napoleon III. and Alexander II., we cannot conceive; any more than we can understand why, in a despatch announcing his visit to Portsmouth, the Admiral should have thought it necessary to observe that he had met with the greatest "kindness and courtesy." We should have supposed that even Americans would take for granted the courteous reception of their squadron and its commander by the princes and fleets of all friendly Powers.

All chess-players, and a good many people who care little for chess, will be interested and amused by Professor Allen's *Life of Philidor*‡. The curious will be glad to know that the name by which the oldest of the great European masters of the game is known is not, in spite of its sound and apparent derivation, one of those Grecized or Latinized forms of real or adopted surnames which were common in a somewhat earlier period. It is said to have been bestowed by Louis XIII. on the first of the great chess-player's family who became known to the Court and the public—Michael Danican. The latter was so successful in his first musical performances before the King that Louis pronounced him to be "another Philidor," the name of a famous Italian hautboy player who had delighted the French Court a short time before. The sobriquet thus bestowed upon Danican was retained as

* *Studies in General Science*. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Our Admiral's Flag Abroad. The Cruise of Admiral D. G. Farragut, Commanding the European Squadron in 1867-68, in the Flag-ship Franklin*. By James Eglinton Montgomery, A.M., of the Admiral's Staff. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Life of Philidor, Musician and Chess Player*. By George Allen, Greek Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. With a Supplementary Essay on Philidor, as Chess-Author and Chess-Player. By Tassilo Von Heydelrand und der Lasa, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at the Court of Saxe-Weimar. New York and Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Think and Act. A Series of Articles pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages*. By Virginia Penny. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

a second surname by his family until, in the reign of Louis XV., it attained a world-wide celebrity in the person of his great-grandson. The younger Philidor, like all his ancestors, was at first a Court musician, copyist, and composer, and learned chess in the course of his professional avocations, that game being the only recreation allowed to the Royal musicians while in attendance at the chapel where the King heard mass every morning. Philidor is reported to have distinguished himself by his proficiency in the game before he had emerged from childhood; his reputation soon brought him into notice, and led to his being matched against the best players at the Café de la Regence and other places of aristocratic resort, and later in life led to his establishment in England as a professional chess-player, assisted and salaried by a number of noblemen and gentlemen who formed themselves into a club for the encouragement of the game and the support of its greatest living master. The chess-player will find much interesting matter in the appendix, which contains an elaborate criticism of several of the most characteristic games recorded by Philidor, and especially in the discussion of his style of play and relative "force" as compared with the celebrities of more recent times. It is certain that in such mere *tours de force* as blindfold-playing he never reached the marvellous facility displayed by one living performer, and his ideas of the science of the game are admitted by his biographer and critic to have been less accurate and complete than those of his successors, as might be expected from the length of time during which, since his death, chess has been a subject of intense technical and even scientific study to men of equal powers with his and higher education.

Two unpretending volumes on the game and wild sports of America will have some attractions for English sportsmen. The first* is a practical treatise on the choice of guns, powder, and accoutrements, on their use and management, and on the various kinds of sport which the woods, and especially the prairies, of the States afford. The writer recommends in strong terms the use of guns made by the best English makers, and gives instructions for their selection and adaptation to the requirements of the individual sportsman; but the rest of his work is addressed almost exclusively to American readers, and to Englishmen who may be able to visit the haunts of the American wild-fowl. The latter are different from their English congeners; and their habits, the localities in which they are to be found, and the conditions of the sport, are for the most part so unlike anything with which the merely English sportsman is acquainted that the work can have only a theoretical interest for the generality of readers in this country. The other volume, entitled *Adventures in the Wilderness*†—which relates, however, only to wild regions in the Eastern States—is narrative in form, and, besides being more readable, conveys a livelier idea of the realities of American field sports. Both authors are enthusiastic sportsmen, and the experiences of Mr. Murray during his rough camp-life among the Adirondacks—the Highlands of New York—are told with sportsmanlike gusto, and interspersed with some of those anecdotes of more daring and perilous adventure in remoter wilds, or in older days, before the Indian had entirely disappeared from the Eastern States, with which, if American writers are to be believed, every old hunter and trapper is ready to enliven the bivouac, or beguile the tediousness of a long day's watching for the larger game.

A work of considerable scientific and practical value is Dr. Foster's account of the Mississippi Valley‡, the fruit of years of personal experience and exploration. The geography of the interior of the North American continent presents at least as many remarkable features as any other region in the world; and nearly all are touched on, more or less carefully and elaborately, in this treatise, which, though professedly confined to the Valley of the Mississippi, really takes in all that is most noteworthy in a general survey of the whole country between that river and the Pacific. The varieties of soil and climate in that vast region are many and strikingly diverse. There are the rich alluvial "bottoms" of the valleys, formed by the deposits of the rivers, which are constantly changing their courses; there are the dense forests with their gigantic trees and rich brushwood, the pestilential swamps formed by stagnant water and decaying woods, and the "oak-openings," where the trees grow like those of an English park, shading a sward perfectly free from jungle or underwood; there are the prairies or treeless plains, sometimes "rolling" like the waves of a solidified sea, sometimes as absolutely level as the sea in a dead calm; and finally, there are the arid, barren, salt-incrusted plains of the Great Basin of Utah, cut off from all communication with the sea, like the Valley of the Jordan, and giving off by evaporation from the surface of its lakes and the dry soil of its plains as much water as rains and mountain streams can supply. The climate varies almost as

strikingly as the features of the land; from the malarious, moist, tropical atmosphere of New Orleans, and a considerable part of the lower course of the great river, to the dry healthy heat of Utah, and the alternations from intense cold to intolerable heat, which characterize great part of the central country. In one part of this vast region the soil actually seems to float; and neither foundations for houses nor graves for the dead can be dug in the neighbourhood of New Orleans without coming upon what seems to be a continuous and inexhaustible body of water at a few feet below the surface. In another, the Colorado, flowing hundreds of feet below the surface of the country, leaves a desert tableland above and around it. All the chief peculiarities of these differing regions and climates are described, and their relation to the geological character and history of the continent discussed with great care and evident knowledge by the author, whose reasonings are not the less interesting that his conclusions do not always agree with those most familiarly known, if not exactly accepted, among English readers. Another work, dealing with a small fragment of the same topic, is a narrative of certain exploring expeditions in the Great Basin, with a view to ascertaining the convenience and practicability of what appeared to be the most direct route between the North-Western States and San Francisco; it contains, also, some interesting observations on questions of climate, geology, and temperature.*

The *Tennessean in Persia*† is a narrative of missionary enterprise in the latter country, characterized no doubt by much earnestness and honest zeal, but deformed and rendered offensive by the worst faults of two styles, both peculiarly repellent to all who do not share the tone of thought which inspires them—that of the American patriot and that of the theological crusader. Those who do not feel, or can overcome, the distaste which most persons will feel for the extraordinary mixture of spread-eagleism and Puritan phraseology, of fine writing and professional cant, which are apparent at the very outset, may, as the preface promises them, find occasionally an interesting account or readable description in the record of Mr. Rhea's mission and its labours.

Some other theological works are on our list, of which a new translation of Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion*§, and a conspectus of the passages in the four Gospels relating to the closing scenes of the Saviour's life¶, so arranged and connected as to form a continuous story, are alone deserving of special mention.

Among those valuable treatises published at the expense of the State and in the form of official documents, which constitute so considerable and peculiar a feature in the graver departments—economical, political, and scientific—of American literature, we have now to mention a Report by a Commissioner sent on behalf of the State of California to the late Exhibition at Paris, concerning the production of the precious metals in all parts of the world.|| The mines and mining operations of the writer's own State and its neighbours are of course described in most detail and with more intimate knowledge, but his object has been to ascertain and make known as fully as possible the extent to which the diggings of California and the silver mines of Nevada find competitors abroad, and to give a complete statistical and historical account of the world's supplies of gold and silver. The latter part of the volume is occupied with an elaborate narrative and discussion of all the negotiations and debates that have taken place on the subject of an international coinage—a narrative from which we learn, with some surprise, on the unimpeachable authority of a Senatorial Committee, that the idea of a gold standard is peculiarly and originally American—England, it seems, having no concern therewith. The Report is a valuable repository of statistics and collection of documents relating to these subjects which it might not be easy to find elsewhere, and it has therefore the merit of being, if not a readable or very instructive treatise, a most useful work of reference on important topics.

We find among this month's publications several works of fiction, one or two of which promise to be readable, if not exactly commendable. *The Wife's Messengers*¶ is a story of domestic unhappiness produced by the wanton misconduct of the husband. Similar unhappiness, caused by the faults of the wife, forms only

* *On the Wing: a Book for Sportsmen.* By John Humstead. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., Successors to Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks.* By William H. Murray. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., Successors to Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Mississippi Valley: its Physical Geography, including Sketches of the Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineral Resources, and of the Progress of Development in Population and Material Wealth.* By J. W. Foster, LL.D., President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; joint Author of "Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Region"; Lecturer on Physical Geography and Cognate Sciences in the University of Chicago, &c. &c. Illustrated by Maps and Sections. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

* *The Shortest Route to California: illustrated by a History of Explorations of the Great Basin of Utah, with its Typographical and Geological Character, and some Account of the Indian Tribes.* By Brevet Brig.-General J. H. Simpson, A. M., Colonel Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The Tennessean in Persia and Koordistan.* Being Scenes and Incidents in the Life of Samuel Audley Rhea. By the Rev. Dwight W. Marsh, for Ten years Missionary in Mosul. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

‡ *The True Christian Religion, containing the Entire Theology of the New Church, Foretold by the Lord in Dan. vii. 13, 14, and Rev. xxi. 1, 2.* By Emanuel Swedenborg, Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. From the Latin Edition of Dr. J. F. T. Tafel. Translated by R. Norman Foster. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

§ *The Closing Scenes of the Life of Christ; being a Harmonized Combination of the Four Gospel Histories of the Last Year of Our Saviour's Life.* By D. D. Buck, D.D. With an Introductory Essay by W. D. Wilson, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

|| *The Production of the Precious Metals; or, Statistical Notices of the Principal Gold and Silver Producing Regions of the World: with a Chapter upon the Unification of Gold and Silver Coinage.* By William F. Blake, Commissioner from the State of California to the Paris Exposition of 1867. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

¶ *The Wife's Messengers.* By Mrs. M. B. Horton. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

a small part of the mischiefs ascribed to the altogether extraordinary character of his heroine by the author of *Mabel Clifton*.* The *Von Toodleburgs* aspires to amuse rather than to excite or surprise the reader, and is humorous rather than sensational. *Little Women* is the second part of a story of domestic life, of a kind very abundant in the literature of New England since the fashion was set by the authoress of the *Wide Wide World*.

* *Mabel Clifton*. A Novel. By Frank Brierwood. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The Von Toodleburgs; or, the History of a very Distinguished Family*. By F. Colburn Adams, Author of "Manual Percire, or the Sovereign Rule of South Carolina;" "Our World;" "Chronicles of the Bastile;" "An Outcast," &c. &c. Illustrated from original Drawings by A. R. Waud. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy*. Part II. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

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Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of exchange; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
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Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Royal Exchange, London, June 23, 1869.

The Court of Directors of the Corporation of the ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE do hereby give Notice that a GENERAL COURT of the said Corporation will be held at their Office, at the Royal Exchange, on Wednesday, the 30th of June instant, for determining by Ballot the following question, proposed and agreed to at a General Court held this day: "That a Dividend be made of Sixteen Pounds per cent. on the Capital-Stock of the Corporation, for the Half-year ending at Midsummer, 1869."

The said Ballot will commence at One o'clock, and close at Two o'clock in the Afternoon precisely.
ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 FILL MALL, LONDON.
Established 1803.
SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,500,000.

Insurances due at Midsummer should be renewed within Fifteen days therefrom (last day, July 9), or the same will become void.
JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

BRITISH EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

33 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.
Established in 1847.
THE SEVENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS WILL BE DECLARED IN 1870.
ALFRED LENCH SAUL, Secretary.

THE HAND-IN-HAND FIRE OFFICE (Instituted A.D. 1696)

1 New Bridge Street, E.C.
makes no Charge whatever for DUTY from this Date.

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The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1869.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.—60 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of the First Series.
ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1868), £1,252,174.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.
BRANCH OFFICE.—16 FILL MALL, LONDON.
Instituted 1820.

The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,800,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £300,000.
The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income. It will hence be seen that ample SECURITY is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and the most liberal conditions.
The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.
Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.
ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

70 LOMBARD STREET, CITY, and 27 CHARING CROSS, WESTMINSTER.
At the Fourth Sepennial Division of Profit, the Cash Bonus awarded to Policies of 28 years' standing was 237 lbs. 4s. 6d. per cent. on the amount of Premiums received in the last Seven years.
The additions made to Policies vary from £1 5s. to £2 11s. 8d. per cent. per annum on the Sum Assured, and give an average of more than £1 15s. per cent. per annum on the Sum Assured at all Ages.
ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary and Actuary.

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Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.
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Secretary.—THOMAS TALLEMACH, Esq.
Actuary.—SAML. BROWN, Esq.

N.B.—Fire Policies which expire at Midsummer must be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before the 9th of July.
The full benefit of the Abolition of the Government Duty will be afforded to Insurers.
Prospectus and Forms of Proposal free on application to the Company's Agents, or to the Secretary.

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For the Assurance of the Lives of Persons in every Station of Life.
Invested Assets—FIVE MILLIONS, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.
Annual Income—UPWARDS OF HALF-A-MILLION.

Assurances are granted upon the Lives of any Persons for Sums not exceeding £10,000, either with participation in Profits, or at a lower rate of Premium without participation in Profits.
Profits are divided every fifth year, four-fifths thereof being appropriated to the persons assured on the participating scale of Premium.
At the Six Divisions of Profits which have been made, Bonuses amounting in the aggregate to £4,164,147 have been added to the several Policies.
The Claims paid to December 31, 1868, amounted to £7,914,259, being in respect of Sums assured by Policies £6,112,934, and £1,801,325 in respect of Bonuses thereon.
Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained, and Assurances effected, through any Solicitor in Town or Country, or by application direct to the Actuary at the Office in London.
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